THE ALTERNATIVE

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

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Editorial

The Continuing Crisis

Do you remember America's Dark Ages back before the enlightened era of Camelot when the Supermarket Republic's cerebral mountebanks began creeping back to their campus clip joints, feeling the tender flesh below their ears, testing for rope burns and thanking their Unitarian Gods that they were again free to set up shop amongst their coerced congregations of pinheaded pupils? The McCarthyite Terror had passed. The predators, McCarthy, Jenner, et. al. had been chased off, and now the courageous professors--like an assemblage of aroused bull frogs--dramatically poked their snouts from their murky subaqueous covering and let out a chorus of highfalutin croakings about academic freedom, the sacred mission of the university and their own sacred mission, that of mulcting the citizenry of every loose dime. The ensuing clamor was as moronic as it was amusing, and not surprisingly its most witless theme resounded most incessantly. It seems the pedagogues were invariably fascinated by the conformity of their pollywogs and gaped for practically an entire decade while the wind whistled the horror of

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Smitten by campus violence Mr. Nixon convoked the Presidential Commission on the Causes of Campus Unrest under the intrepid Mr. Scranton. Mr. Rhodes, the only student on the Commission, blamed Governor Reagan for "murder" and President Nixon for making speeches which were "killing people." The irrepressible Mr. Agnew suggested Mr. Rhodes retire in favor of a replacement evincing more maturity, objectivity and "judgment." **The Washington Post** found Mr. Agnew again guilty of intemperance and lacking "judgment."

Senator Kennedy testified that "this war must end," and Charles S. Palmer, president of an organization calling itself the National Student Association asserted that Mr. Nixon's two-month incursion into Cambodia was the cause of campus riotousness because "the straight, middle-class students...reacted with their guts." The president of San Francisco State University stated that those students who have been "unresting" the campuses are "bored" and "immature."

Mr. J. Otis Cochran, chairman of the Black American Law Students Association, said: "The truly guilty party is the Nixon-Agnew Administration, whose crude attacks on dissenters have created the climate of intolerance and repression that some people interpreted as a license to kill." No testimony from the chairman of the White American Law Students Association was forthcoming.

A Miss Jefferson, student body president of Northwestern University, took the long-range, historical view of campus unrest and found that the only way to rest it was by impeaching Mr. Nixon. Mr. David Keene, chairman of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom, dismissed this statement as "nonsense" and took issue with Senator Kennedy's claim that the Vietnam war "unrests" the campus by stating that campus unrest is a world-wide phenomenon, threatening "the entire intellectual heritage and political tradition of Western Civilization."

Professor Sidney Hook, chairman of the Department of Philosophy at New York University, found both administrators and faculty guilty of "cowardice" in dealing

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THE ALTERNATIVE November, 1970

Towards a Life of Service

Courtland G. Newton, Jr.

In Mike Nichols' classic, **The Graduate**, Dustin Hoffman is offered one word of advice by one of his father's friends: "Plastics!" Unfortunately, this well-meant counsel goes unheeded. For while Dustin tries to listen politely, he is tuned to a different wavelength. His response is to escape into cool reaches of the family swimming pool with the aid of scuba gear.

Which, ironically, he could not have done without plastics. Any more than you could give a member of your family, or your dearest friend an intravenous feeding or a blood transfusion without plastics. Any more than thousands of essential, socially vital medical, research, educational, transportation, recreational, safety, and other devices could exist without plastics. Any more than Mike Nichols would have a medium--film--with which to immortalize Dustin's tragic alienation.

Dustin's alienation is tragic because it is unnecessary. It is unnecessary because there are literally millions of people who could show him thousands of avenues to fulfillment. Unfortunately, if some measure of relevance or applicability is a criterion, Dustin's undergraduate experience was decidedly educational. For it somehow failed to teach him that while there are many ways in life to find fulfillment, there is no greater way to serve one's fellow man than through a creative, competitive career in business or the trades.

To put it differently, teaching, social work, the ministry, medicine, and many other careers offer wonderful pathways to service and fulfillment. It is my view, however, that none of these offers any greater satisfaction or opportunity for meaningful service than a career in business. This view is based on several premises. Hopefully, many will accept them.

First, man is a marvelous animal with a strong will to survive. He is the most advanced animal on earth...a creature capable of great good and great evil. He has changed little in a hundred thousand years, and natural scientists say he is still profoundly influenced by the instincts which have enabled him to survive, principally the instincts for acquisition and defense of property, dominance over his fellows, and, of course, the urge to procreate. This is not, of course, to make a value judgement or to state a preference as to man's nature. Man is what he is.

When the authors of the Declaration of Independence spoke of man's inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they were speaking of the right to survive. More accurately, to attempt to survive. A man's life is his own, a gift from God and the universe, upon which no other man has claim.

Liberty is a necessary condition for his survival, a condition under which he expresses his individuality through application of his faculties in the pursuit of his own happiness. In a free society, the tangible expression of that pursuit is his property, the right to which is one of the most fundamental of all human rights.

Business, after all, is simply the exercise of man's liberty in the pursuit of the necessities and, where possible, the luxuries of life. Frederic Bastiat put this in perspective. "Life, liberty, and property do not exist because men have made laws. On the contrary, it was the fact that life, liberty, and property existed that caused men to make laws in the first place." As Bastiat defined it, "The law is the organization of the natural right of lawful defense. It is the substitution of a common force for individual forces. And this common force is to do only what the individual forces have a natural right to do: to protect persons, liberties, and properties; to maintain the right of each, and to cause justice to reign over all."

The founders of The Chicago Society attempted to illuminate the moral aspects of man's pursuit of happiness through the motto, "Value, Choice, Duty." The word value was used in the broad sense of those moral imperatives implicit in the Golden Rule and Ten Commandments and in the idea that there are enduring human values that never change. The concept of choice is the expression of that which distinguishes him from all other animals: his capacity for reason, integration of information, and self-determination based upon rational selection of alternatives.

Duty, of course, is the highest development of man's instinct to survive. It is the basis of all morality. Sound moral precepts derive from man's survival instinct, and moral behavior, as Heinlein points out, is survival behavior beyond the individual level. Duty is to the group what self-interest is to the individual. Without self-interest, there can be no individual. Without duty there can be no orderly, let alone decent, society. Duty is the social embodiment of the concept of justice and of the Golden Rule.

The American business system is history's finest expression of man's rational selection of means for survival. Despite imperfections, it has enabled more people to survive--and more importantly, to prosper--than any other system. Moreover, the concomitant of the system's unequalled effectiveness is the unparallelled freedom enjoyed by its citizens. As that freedom is extended, the system's imperfections and contradictions will wither away.

The essence of the American business system is the voluntary response to the wants and needs of others. This ranges from our unique system of private charity to our highly effective mechanism of voluntary exchange--the relatively free market.

Joseph L. Nelson, director of design, The Newell Companies, summarizes the exciting business story this way: "Business is society's basic provider of wages for all levels of workers, dividends in return for the productive use of stockholders' money, and taxes which support necessary government services. Perhaps our most fundamental contributions are the innovations, goods, and services needed for survival at a level of existence acceptable to modern man. "If this seems self-evident, we must remember how often fundamental truths and realities become so commonplace as to be taken for granted--perhaps particularly by businessmen who are already part of the "system" and totally immersed in their responsibilities for service to others. **For success in business is directly proportional to the skills, efforts, goods, and services one provides to others."**

Nelson's comment on the need to reiterate fundamentals of free enterprise or willing exchange is well taken. Too many of us have either lost sight of these facts or never understood them. Since my undergraduate days, I have been deeply concerned that many students are led to an anti-business bias as a result of prejudices held by many in the teaching profession--most of whom are isolated from the world at large. I believe this presumably well-meant misguidance by certain academicians is one of the foremost threats to preserving a free society.

Happily, growing numbers of Americans, including such noted scholars as Edward C. Banfield, S.I. Hayakawa, and Robert E. Kennedy, president of California State Polytechnic College, are giving currency to this view. In a recent essay on the influence of radical teachers, Hayakawa observed that Dr. Kennedy has called attention to a recommendation by fourteen psychologists and psychiatrists who aided in a four-year study of Stanford and University of California Berkeley graduates: "Present faculties tend to represent only one segment of humanity, primarily people with strong cognitive orientation and the tendency to exercise

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thought in a non-applied fashion. The students represent a much larger variety of interests and orientation...Yet they are segregated from much of the adult world, so that in a period of life when they are particularly open to change, they are secluded from potentially significant adults."

The above suggests why some students say, "Well, yes, I want to earn my own way, but by doing something worthwhile in human terms." What is business doing to make this a better world? This attitude is the luxury of those born into a world already incalculably better than men dared hope. Dr. K. Ross Toole, professor of history, University of Montana, sums up: "Every generation makes mistakes, always has and always will. We have made our share. But my generation has made America the most affluent country on earth; it has tackled, head-on, a racial problem which no nation on earth in the history of mankind had dared to do. It has publicly declared war on poverty and it has gone to the moon; it has desegregated schools and abolished polio; it has presided over the beginning of what is probably the greatest social and economic revolution in man's history. It has begun these things not finished them. It has declared itself, and committed itself, and taxed itself, and damn near run itself into the ground in the cause of social justice and reform."

In the forefront of this struggle has been the American businessman--including the entrepreneur, the executive, and the worker. ("Workers" are businessmen just as businessmen are workers. I have never accepted the fallacious Marxist dichotomy of "business" and "labor.") He has provided the tools, technology, and transport. Most important, he has provided the imagination, inspiration, and drive which has led the average American from scarcity to abundance--material, cultural, and spiritual. In fact, it is in the ethical and spiritual realm that the American voluntary business system has made its greatest contribution.

Only moderately appreciated in the outside world, and but dimly understood in many areas of the campus, is the trust, integrity, dedication, and high ethical plane which distinguishes the bulk of the American willing enterprise system. I shall never forget the incredible human pride I felt when I ordered nearly a half million dollars worth of advertising by phone from men I had met but a few months earlier. True, my order was backed up by the reputation of one of the nation's leading companies. But it was also reinforced by confidence founded on the integrity of millions of American businessmen.

A career of service in America's system of free, voluntary, willing enterprise is not easy. Hours are long, the pressure great, and the demand for excellence causes great anxiety. Even the finest education often seems woefully inadequate to those facing the challenge of twentieth-century commerce. Yet, there are satisfactions, not the least of which is the knowledge that one is self-sustaining while adding to the fulfillment and opportunities of others.

Time said recently, "It takes a lot of gumption these days to make a film that does not pander to youthful passion, express the abysmal views of a gloomy philosopher-director or explore assorted perversions in nude, sweaty detail." **Time** was speaking of the fearful demoralization and negativism characterizing a small but vocal minority in Western society. Life, it is true, is frequently an underpaid occupation. But the amazing Leo Burnett probably said it as well as any man. "When you reach for the stars you may not quite get one, but you won't come up with a handful of mud either." □

Courtland G. Newton, Jr., thirty-four, is a senior vice president of Daniel J. Edelman, Inc., a leading international public relations firm. His background includes a B. A. in political science from Knox College; a year as a construction worker and truck driver; four years with Leo Burnett Company, Inc., advertising; a year as reporter for THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE; and three years as producer/moderator of a political interview radio program.

Mr. Newton is a founder of The Chicago Society; member of The Philadelphia Society, Chicago Financial Writers, American Civil Liberties Union, and National Rifle Association; and was formerly a director of the Chicago Ripon Society and member of Young Republicans and Young Americans for Freedom.

Visions Across The Pond

"Our Generation" After Cambodia

Paul Bernstein

Paris - Campus protesters are usually denounced for the violence and lawlessness of their acts, and few public figures have gone to the trouble of attacking their ideas. Indeed, the form of their dissent has been so striking as to obscure the content, or in this case, the extreme lack thereof.

To some observers, of course, the students are simply wrong in opposing our present Southeast Asian policy. I must make it clear at the outset that I too find it difficult to accept the attempted justifications for our involvement there, and I even doubt the ultimate success of Vietnamization. But at least as disconcerting to me, is the kind of criticism that the war has produced from my contemporaries, the question of violence or non-violence completely aside. Their criticism is misdirected, superficial, and, at bottom, ignorant.

Consider, for example, the outrage that greeted President Nixon's Cambodian decision. His now famous speech brought activity to hundreds of campuses which had been politically dead all year. It was all very moving, but one might well ask what the logical reason for this sudden indignation was. Had everyone forgotten Mr. Nixon's oft-repeated warning, that in spite of present troop withdrawals we would not hesitate to meet a new North Vietnamese offensive with retaliatory action? In light of this, there was no lying or betrayal on his part to warrant such a response. Nor was there anything in the nature of the escalation to make it more objectionable than any of the previous ones which had gone unchallenged -- that is, unless one is bothered mostly by the expansion of the war into another country, being so naive as to separate Vietnam from the rest of Southeast Asia. In one sense, this escalation was an improvement in that Mr. Nixon set a deadline on the military operation and abided by it. In any case, the situation in which Mr. Nixon was acting was not one of his creation. Certainly it would have been more worthwhile (although more intellectually strenuous) had they chosen to reflect on the whole genre of thought that had produced the Vietnam mess rather than take to the streets.

Actually the more radical factions of the student movement have developed a theory on why we are in Vietnam, though they are either oblivious or indifferent to the fact that there is no evidence to support it. According to their scenario, the Vietnam struggle is a war of economic imperialism being fought to protect American business interests. These interests only exist in a capitalist system, and--so they conclude--it is only by destroying capitalism that we can forever end imperialist wars. As many of history's greatest imperialists lived long before the advent of capitalism their theory seems incorrect at the outset. And its application here becomes almost farcical when one takes into account our present recession, the stock market slump, the decline in corporate profits, etc. Politics and economics are not quite as simple as these conspiracy theories would have us believe. And yet they are the closest thing to intellectual analysis that the student movement has produced, the rest being nothing but moral frenzy.

Then there are those who tell us that it now matters little why we are in Vietnam--we who oppose the war must immediately join in working to end it.

Such alliances have a few unpleasant features. It means among other things having to accept the incredible analogies between the Nixon regime and Nazi Germany, having to hear sainthood attributed to Bobby Seale and Company, and being called on to support every insurrection imaginable. (I am convinced that it is absolutely impossible to sit through an anti-war rally without hearing from every self-proclaimed revolutionary group, including those as relevant to American foreign policy as the Gay Liberation Front.) Politics makes strange bedfellows only up to a certain point.

More importantly, all of this ignores the real culprit -- the system that produced the Vietnam situation and that will ultimately produce another. I am referring to nothing

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so sweeping as capitalism or so romantic as fascism, but to what Theodore Lowi has called "interest-group liberalism." The name is a good one, for the adherents to this ideology believe that public policy should be the product of bargaining between interest groups, and that government's role should be supervisory. This approach has repeatedly led to failure both in foreign and domestic policy. Vietnam is but one example.

The pluralist model was applied to the area of foreign policy after World War II. In spite of the responsibilities the United States had accepted in world affairs, no cohesive foreign policy establishment was set up to make decisions. Instead numerous agencies independent from each other were created. Important participation was granted to private interests, including business and the military. (Thus the "military-industrial complex" to the extent that it really exists is ironically enough a product of liberal ideology.)

Foreign policy, however, is not at all conducive to bargaining and compromise. Domestic programs, because of their low visibility, can and often have had obscure or even contradictory goals. Because government was not equipped with a single institution responsible for developing these goals, decisions were based instead on catch-phrases and cure-alls such as "Communist aggression" and "containment." Every insurrection was presumed to be inspired by a monolithic Communist bloc, and every response to it was the same, when the facts in each situation should have been examined more carefully. Thus it was that the nature of a civil war in Vietnam was misinterpreted; and thus it was that president Nixon spoke of communist sanctuaries in Cambodia without mentioning the all-important overthrow of Prince Sihanouk.

Once the mistake had been made, the system could not institute change. Change involves a re-examination of objectives, and in this model that job belongs to no one. Instead there were only escalations based on original assumptions. The President could always turn to the public for support of his actions, for as Lowi and others have shown it will always rally behind the office on important issues of foreign policy. Eventually Congress had second thoughts about the whole venture, but it was powerless to do anything about it. Much has been said about President Nixon's ignoring congressional prerogatives in making his Cambodia decision, but Congress has always played the part of a rubber stamp in the liberal system.

The same kind of pluralist thinking has failed in domestic programs, with the War on Poverty being one of the best examples. Of course it is far easier for those concerned and commited students to demand that billions be spent on these problems than to think about the sad fact that similar expenditures failed in the past and are failing today.

With the word "crisis" being thrown around so wantonly today, I almost hate to say that we have a crisis in government. Yet that is what it is: elected officials are having to make decisions that have not been planned by a responsible policy-making body, and the embarrassing consequences are now being felt. The beginning of the solution is for government to stop delegating or abdicating responsibility. Government needs fresh ideas on how to make its bureaucracies responsive, yet centralized, and on how to open its policy agencies to private interests without sacrificing cohesiveness.

Government will not be improved by the fashionable cries of "war machine" and "police state"; such rhetoric is far off the mark and confusing. There is no big bad government, rather a government plagued with serious internal problems.

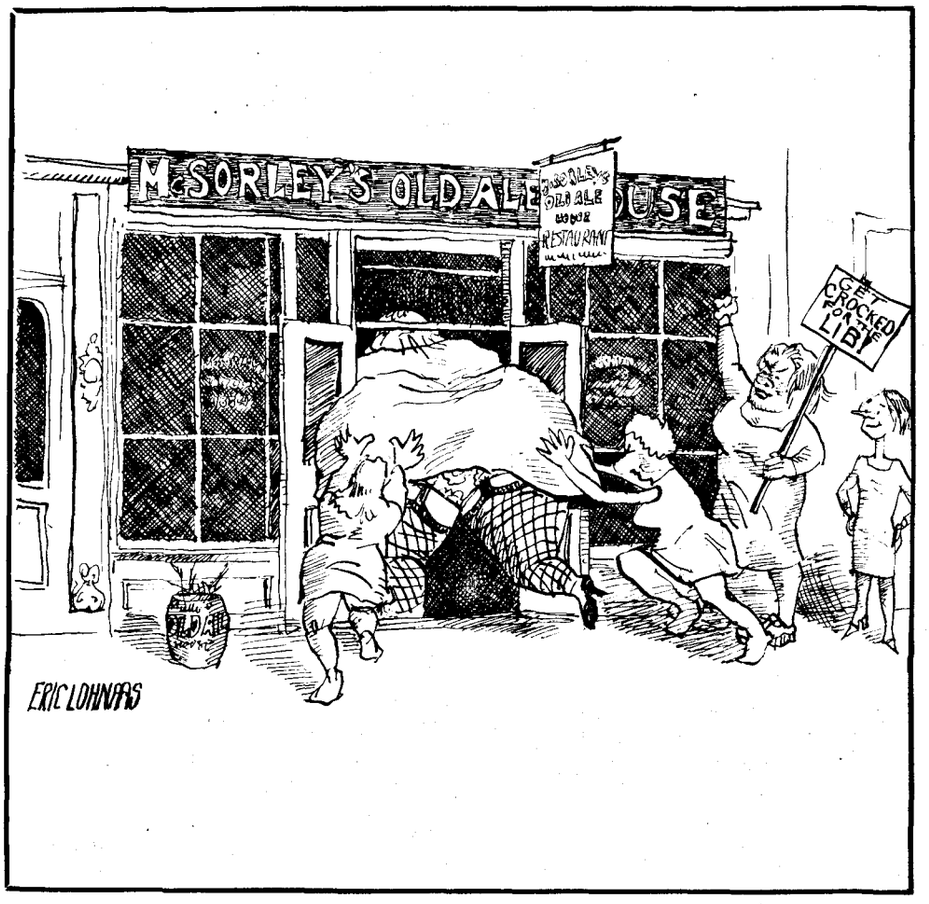
I doubt that the student movement will ever consider these problems, because it has chosen to discuss politics in black and white and to ignore the framework and rationale for existing American institutions.

Unfortunately despite all the talk about establishing a new "system," government is not an entity that can be instantly molded to fit any set of values. Change involves tinkering with its elaborate machinery, and the most eloquent reformers have a difficult time knowing where to start. Thus one of the first things that any political movement of any persuasion should have is a rough knowledge of the workings of government and the consequences of current public ideologies. The students are wrong if they think that their holy crusade is above all this. Self-righteousness and sense of commitment may very well satisfy some inner emotional need, but they are not a substitute for rational analysis. □

Paul Bernstein is a Junior at the University of Chicago.

Ale, Cheese, Onions, Women
And the Night Lord John Cleaned Out McSorley's

John R. Coyne, Jr.



"John Coyne, at his usual post guarding the door, spotted the women heading for the place and quickly locked the door... Coyne refused the soprano-voiced demands for entry, and the girls took up positions preventing either exit or entry for about a half-hour."

Thus reads one newspaper account of the last sharp skirmish in the siege of McSorley's, just before the fall. I know. That's what she said too. But it's all a case of mistaken identity. John Coyne writes for **The Alternative**. But the best waiter in Manhattan is also called John Coyne, a Galway-born Irishman who serves up ale and porter--fifty cents for two mugs--at McSorley's Old Ale House, birthplace of this great journal of opinion. And before the final battle John also served as lookout, watching for ladies from Betty Friedan's National Organization for Women (NOW), a

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Women's Lib outfit that had vowed to belly up to the bar of Manhattan's oldest men-only tavern for ale and cheese and onions.

The troubles began last spring, when two NOW ladies from Syracuse (and maybe that's why they're bitter) sued for admission. And on 25 June, District Court Judge Walter R. Mansfield ordered McSorley's doors opened to both sexes. "It may be argued," wrote Judge Mansfield wistfully, "that the occasional preference of men for a haven or retreat from the watchful eyes of wives or womanhood in general, to have a drink or pass a few hours in their own company, is justification enough: that the simple fact that women are not men justifies defendant's practices." Nevertheless, albeit reluctantly, the judge concluded that "McSorley's is a public place" and that "the preference of certain of its patrons is no justification under the equal protection clause (of the Constitution). Which is to say that according to this learned man's reading of the equal protection clause, the law will protect busybodies attempting to slip their snouts into another fellow's business but will not protect McSorley's dangerous misogynists who endeavor to drink peacefully in an atmosphere of their choosing. Still it was not this juridical double standard which closed the case; McSorley's could and did appeal Judge Mansfield's decision.

But then the Lord Mayor of New York, renowned defender of Women's Winebibbery, took on McSorley's and it was curtains. It seems Lord John's profoundly informed conscience advised him of the sacred right of the male and female of the species to guzzle together, and he could do no more than to sign a bill opening all the city's public places to women--thus rendering McSorley's appeal academic.

And so, one more tradition into the dust bin, a tradition that began in 1854 when John McSorley, fresh from County Tyrone, modeled his tavern on the pubs he remembered back home. The first and foremost rules were no hard booze and no women. John McSorley, says Brendan Behan, was "a rather puritanical man," a teetotaler who believed that "ale was strong enough spirits for any man."

John McSorley's strictures were stringently observed for over a century. Bill McSorley, John's son, had no children, and in 1936 sold out to Daniel O'Connell, a policeman, on the condition that the old traditions be continued. Four years later O'Connell died and willed the tavern to--of all things--a daughter, Dorothy O'Connell Kirwan. "The most remarkable thing of all," says Dorothy's son, Daniel O'Connell Kirwan, the present manager, "is that McSorley's is owned by a woman. For the past thirty years, my mother has been willing to carry on the traditions of her father."

Tradition is the key word at McSorley's. Customers stand on a sawdust-covered floor and take their ale at the original mahogany bar, behind which money is still arranged by denomination in cups. The walls are lined with pictures of the athletes, actors, writers and politicians who have frequented McSorley's through the years. The guest book includes the names of Eugene O'Neill; Dylan Thomas, who wrote poems there; Brendan Behan, who composed his last published work at one of McSorley's battered wooden tables and whose wife, as a special courtesy, was served a mug of ale outside the door; the Tammany politicians who drank their way through Prohibition; Mayors O'Dwyer and Wagner; James A. Farley, The Alternative's favorite politician; Jackie Gleason; Cassius Clay; and, most recently David Eisenhower.

The ale and porter costs more now, but at two for fifty cents it's still the best buy in town. Sixty cents buys a meal-sized plate of cheese, crackers, onions and the hottest mug of mustard this side of Shanghai. The Liederkranz and onion sandwich is legendary, as is the chili, and McSorley's corned-beef hash has sent **New York Times** food editor Craig Clairborne into ecstasies.

But perhaps the most famous tradition of all has been the ringing of the bell which hangs over the bar, according to Daniel O'Connell Kirwan the same bell that used to mark rounds at the original Madison Square Garden. And until Lord John's feminist legislation, the bell still signaled the beginning of a fight, although of a different nature. Whenever John Coyne spotted a woman heading toward the bar, he'd ring the bell three times, a bull horn sounded in the back room, and the patrons stood and shouted: "No Women!"

The warning bell may not sound again soon, but Daniel O'Connell Kirwan intends to fight to keep the tavern's traditions intact. "The place has been here for 116 years," he says, "and it will be here 116 years from now." Will he make changes? "None." How about such things as rest rooms, presently consisting of one toilet and three huge urinals? "If women want total equality, I don't see why the concept shouldn't extend to rest rooms."

"It's the age of protest, I guess," muses O'Connell Kirwan, speculating on why women want to ruin his tavern. "Not that women don't have a case in general--hiring practices, that sort of thing. But McSorley's? They're really only interested in the right to come in, I guess. And there's publicity, of course. The first few days there've been a bunch in to have their pictures taken. But when the papers get tired of the whole affair maybe they'll go away."

No sentient man, conservative or Liberal, will disagree with O'Connell Kirwan about the legitimacy of many of Women's Lib demands. But the demand to drink in McSorley's is no more legitimate than the demand to establish residence in the rest room. The same ale and porter can be purchased all over the city. The area around McSorley's is not the Gobi Desert, and any lady with a kiss for the hops can inoffensively indulge within a few doors of O'Connell Kirwan's empire. Finally wouldn't most women prefer their mates off drinking together than prowling through go-go joints? The American Constitution exists for the comfort and well-being of all Americans. It is not an arsenal of offensive weapons to be summoned by busybodies and exotics in their attempts to coerce others. The executors of our laws should exercise prudence in applying those laws. American womanhood suffered no material nor spiritual damage from the exclusive tradition of a solitary (and comparatively insignificant) bar. Yet Lord John allowed the busybodies to manipulate him into an act of imbecilic intolerance. And so O'Connell Kirwan is to be coerced into opening his property to unwanted, disagreeable, and often bellicose customers.

But maybe it's all over. You're in, ladies. And what next? "There's an old song title," says O'Connell Kirwan, "that I think sums it up. 'After you get what you want, you don't want what you wanted at all.'" □

John R. Coyne, Jr.'s latest book is THE KUMQUAT STATEMENT published this month by Cowles.

Since the Assassination of President Kennedy. . .

An Erosion of Trust

Daniel P. Moynihan,
Counselor to the President

Some years ago the Al Smith Dinner, which the New York Archdiocese gives in support of its hospital program, took place on an occasion that Cardinal Spellman's presence was required in Rome. Father Gannon substituted as host and upon rising confronted at the outset what had to be the disappointment of the bespangled, affluent assembly gathered at the Waldorf for the annual ritual. "I can imagine how you feel," said he. "Here you've paid a hundred dollars apiece to see a bird of paradise, and what do you get but an old black crow in a protestant suit."

You might well be thinking similar thoughts of your commencement speaker. Not exactly what you paid for. But I would ask that you consider my plight. For years I was thought too radical to be invited to Fordham. Of a sudden I am not radical enough to be assured a welcome. Life, as President Kennedy used to say, is not fair.

But there is something to be learned from everything, and I would like to set this subject of differing perceptions of a single reality as the subject of my address.

A quite striking instance of this phenomenon, or so it seems to me, occurred early in the life of the present administration. Secretary Rogers arrived at the Department of State to find that part of his daily routine was an early morning briefing by a young Foreign Service Officer on world events of the preceding twenty-four hours. Day after day went by, and while the principal topics of the

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briefing occasionally changed, the central message was singular and sustained. Everywhere, everything was going wrong. Always, the United States was to blame. One morning the Secretary's cheerful nature rebelled. "Don't you," he asked, "have any good news?" The young Foreign Service Officer paused, shuffled through his papers, and then in a flat voice replied, "Well, Mr. Secretary, there is an item here that the Aswan Dam is leaking."

Anyone who has been much involved with government or public affairs in, say, the last decade is likely, I believe, to have pondered this phenomenon. It is not just a matter of one man's gain being another's loss. That is the least of it. Rather it has to do with a gestalt of politics in which the summation of the same set of events for one individual or group produces a wholly different result than that for another. It is the clash of perception just as often as the clash of interest that shapes the politics of a society such as ours. It is a subject worthy of greater attention.

There has not, I think, been a time in recent history in which this phenomenon has been more in evidence. It is, I further believe, an essential clue to the nature of the American crisis.

That there is such a crisis no one need doubt. But it is not, as some seem to believe, and others behave as if they believed, an instantaneous crisis, the work of a very few men, and a very few events. It is rather a condition that has built up over some years of the past, and which we must not expect to recede, if indeed it is to recede at all, for some years to come.

Those who seek to anticipate movements in the politics and culture of a society such as ours are exposed to the perverse danger that when, on occasion, one is right, the events anticipated arrive with something less than the impact of reality. I would imagine this to be the experience of those -- I was not among them -- who early perceived what would be the inevitable course of military involvement in Southeast Asia. One recalls Benjamin V. Cohen refer, in 1962, to Vietnam as the "Top Secret war" or Richard Goodwin leaving Washington in 1965 with a terrible certainty as to what would happen. One wonders if there has not been, for them. An almost deja vu quality to the reality as inexorably it has come to pass.

I can attest to something of this sense with respect to the matter of youthful protest. In the spring of 1967, I gave the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard University. I began with a simple assertion. "One of the defining qualities of the period of current history that began, roughly, with the assassination of President Kennedy has been the emergence of widespread, radical protest on the part of American youth." The generation was already marked "by the belief that its government is capable of performing abhorrent deeds." A central problem, as I saw it, was trust was eroding. I cited Richard Rovere on the state of Washington, a capital he described as "awash with lies and deceptions."

In a series of commencement addresses in 1968 I returned to the theme, this time with greater conviction. I had just returned from California where I had campaigned for Robert F. Kennedy. I had been shaken -- I believe that is a fair word --by the intense distrust even of Kennedy that one encountered among students. A year ago at Notre Dame, I said it all over again, adding only that our institutions were beginning to be changed by the fear and anxiety around us. Academic freedom had diminished on our campuses, and would diminish further, the result not of external but rather internal forces oppressing dissident opinion in the name of an increasingly virulent ideology that combined the comforts of orthodoxy with the exhilaration of seeming dissent.

Now it is 1970, and things are even worse than I, certainly, ever expected. Still, having expected them to be bad enough, the reality does have a certain disembodied quality. This makes for insufficient passion, perhaps, but possibly also for a measure of detachment in seeking to understand what went wrong, and in trying to analyze what might make things, if not right, at least better.

What went wrong, what is going wrong, is that the fund of public trust has been grieviously depleted. It is a good rule of social science that the most important thing to know about a man is the things he takes for granted. This is true of society as well. The most important thing about our society over the generations is that citizens have more or less routinely taken for granted that the appearance of things could be trusted, that their principal institutions, and the men who embody them,

Great American Series

We are in danger of losing something solid at the core. We are losing that Pilgrim spirit of initiative and independence--that old-fashioned Spartan devotion to duty, honor and country.

John F. Kennedy

were truthful.

Once that presumption erodes, or disappears, all things are changed. "Changed utterly," as Yeats wrote. I don't think we have reached quite that point in America, but I think we are near enough to it to warrant a cry of genuine alarm and a plea for a greater recognition of what is going on.

The matter may be put simply. For a long period the distrustful responses of youth, and of others of course, to national events and the seeming course of national policy was essentially rational. Much begins, more than we yet know, with the assassination of President Kennedy. A whole generation was marked -- and in ways deformed -- by the crashing recognition that the world was not a safe or pleasant place at all, that the world was blind, destructive, unheeding.

Then came the war. The same generation learned that things need not be what they seem if they are coming out of Washington. And so outrage and distrust mounted.

But in retrospect, it would appear that from the outset the outward, and in ways aggressive emotions and actions elicited by the war have been mixed with a measure of genuine, if often suppressed, fear. The unavoidable impression of events of the past several months is that this fear has come to be a pervasive emotion among great elements of educated, or educating, youth. If it sometimes expresses itself as plain fury, the true emotion is surely more involved. There are doubtless many and complex sources of this state, but at bottom it derives from and manifests itself as a growing distrust of all social institutions.

The precise danger is that this response is increasingly non-rational -- even irrational. Increasingly it is not anything government does, or anything that actually happens, that triggers responses of rage and anxiety, rather it is imagined events that do. Less and less is organized society seen as a disaster. More and more it is seen as a conspiracy.

How could this have come to pass? Easy enough. Attend the work of Erving Goffman. For some time now, in his careful, quiet, undemanding way, he has been telling us that the foundations of rationality are far less secure than we have supposed. The irrational is not opposite to the rational, it is rather tangential. A very slight tilt of perception can turn a seemingly orderly and benevolent environment into a nightmare fantasy of peril and threat.

This condition is epidemic on American campuses at this moment. It commands our concern. I do not know, at this moment do not care, who is responsible for bringing it about. Blame is precisely what is not at issue. What is at issue is the question of how we are to respond to the fact that a great many young persons at this moment in our history, persons to whom so much has seemingly been given, have been somehow denied the one essential a society must give to youth, which is to say trust in that society. (If you are a revolutionary, you will not think that. But I am not a revolutionary.)

I would offer an example, of no greater or lesser consequence than a dozen others that could be cited, but one for which there is rather more documentation. I refer to the belief, now rampant on American campuses, that the administration, using radical student protest as a pretext, is planning to cancel the 1972 elections.

This is not a paranoid fantasy of a few unbalanced extremists. It is rather a proposition seriously believed, or at least seriously entertained, by educated persons all across the land. To my knowledge, it was raised by a delegation of Harvard Law School students in a meeting with administration officials. More recently, a group of young White House staff men, returning from visits to campuses across the land, reported having encountered the belief, or at least rumor, in every college or university they'd been to.

The etiology of the rumor is mildly interesting, but what is important is the degree to which it illustrates Goffman's principles, and by extension, the very great difficulty we must expect in the effort to restore confidence and trust.

The story began this spring with an item in the **Washington News Scope**, a feature distributed by the Newhouse National News Service. On April 5th, this appeared in the **Staten Island Advance** as a four-paragraph story. The wire service had reported, "The White House is ordering up several hush-hush security studies and one of them is reported to address the

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question: What would happen if there is no Presidential election in 1972?" The President's Advisors were said to be concerned with "the chances of radical elements disrupting governmental operations including the national elections." The Rand Corporation had "apparently" undertaken the study.

Now this is not so. Or at least I think it is not so. And this is the point.

Without exception, everyone in a position to know denies that there is any truth whatever in this proposition. The President of the Rand Corporation, a distinguished economist who went to Washington with President Kennedy, flatly denies it. "The Rand Corporation," he writes, "has not undertaken such a study; it does not contemplate making such a study; nor has it been approached by anyone with a proposal for such a study." Equivalent statements have been forthcoming from others in similar positions.

Reassuring? Not at all. **Not if you consider the possibility that Henry Rowen may be lying.** And the more you think about it -- if you once begin thinking this way -- the more grounds there are for doing so. After all, if Rand was doing the study, it would be essential that it deny doing it, wouldn't it? Does it not then follow that the denial is **evidence** that the study is going on?

It is possible to think this way. People do.

The story spread. A reporter on the **Village Voice** picked it up from a "a man whose girl friend had heard about it from a Staten Island cab driver." He called Washington and got hold of the reporter who had filed the story. The Newhouse reporter stuck to it, adding that "the wife of a Rand Corporation executive had been overheard talking about such a study." The **Village Voice** reporter then called the White House, where an assistant press secretary allowed that he had received some queries on the subject, but had checked it "and I haven't found anything to this story at all." The follow-up story nonetheless appeared April 16, with two critical paragraphs. Reporting his conversation with the press secretary, the **Village Voice** article reported

I asked him whether, if the report actually existed, and was highly secret, he would have to issue a denial anyway. He told me that "if the report were secret the Rand Corporation would have called me and said 'we are doing this thing and this is how we're brushing off inquiries' so that we could get our stories straight, but Rand called me and said they had been getting calls they didn't know anything about it."

I decided it would be futile to ask him whether, assuming the report did exist and the Rand Corporation did call him and say "this is how we're brushing off inquiries," he would then tell me, "Yes, the Rand Corporation called me to tell me it exists and this is how we're brushing off inquiries." Too metaphysical. The story concluded that we won't know whether the November 1972 elections will be cancelled -- until November 1972.

And that, alas, is true. It is by definition true. We will not know whether the sun will rise tomorrow morning, **until** tomorrow morning. But the implication of the article was that something is going on, and as the story spread to the more politically radical press, all doubts on that score disappeared. By late May the rumor hardened -- barely six weeks having passed -- and the belief was to be encountered on just about every campus in the nation. The Rand Corporation has done its best to knock it down, but the odds are simply against doing so in the present climate. One quite respectable West Coast newspaper, having run the original story, carried a retraction which began, "The Rand Corporation has denied any connection with a study reportedly being made for the White House on possible disruption of the 1972 elections." Oh? Perhaps then it's not Rand that is doing the study. The Hudson Institute? Who?

This is the situation that confronts us. The erosion of trust in the nation has reached the point that the most confirming, cleansing events are the ones most feared, most misinterpreted, precisely because if they were other than they appear, they would be so dangerous. A respectable, responsible man denies he is doing something, and that is taken as evidence that he is. For how better to conceal such an activity than to entrust it to a person with a reputation for concealing nothing?

I do not know what we are to do about this, but I think it well that everyone understand that this is where things have got to. For all the seeming aggression, there is a mood of fear and helplessness abroad that we simply must respond to, as individuals and as a society. Much of it results, surely, from the nature of electronic communications, a genuine discontinuity in human experience. David Riesman has recently remarked that, "it is possible that our instantaneous knowledge in the absence of instantaneous remedy increases our sense of helplessness." Certainly it confirms it. But widespread distrust of society is not a modern phenomenon; it is a recurrent one; and it has ever been a harbinger of bad times, indeed.

At least we can try to understand what is happening. From the student's point of view there is, as it were, evidence that a study is being made. (And evidence also for a dozen dozen not less grotesque fantasies.) After all, hasn't Harry Rowen denied it? It would then seem to be incumbent on all persons whose actions are watched for such signals to behave with a maximum sensitivity to such responses. (For example, as a young man in the White House put it to me recently, surely the argument could have been made that anyone who is orderly enough to think of such a study would be much too careful to contract it out.) And there is at least one other possibility. The desire to listen to youth, who have much that is true to say, has perhaps inhibited older persons in offering other truths in exchange. Of these, the transcendent one is that **to think of the world in paranoid terms is a form of work avoidance.** That the idea of conspiracy is a vulgar idea. That submission to nameless fears is a form of concession to those anything but nameless elements who wish very little good for this society and who are capable of doing it endless, even permanent, damage.

If this society is to be made whole again, we need a period of sustained, systematic truth telling. But these, too, are among the truths that need to be told. □

Daniel P. Moynihan is the author of BENIGN NEGLECT. He orginally delivered the above lecture as a commencement address at Fordham.

A Conversation with Bilgewater

John L. Kelley

Inasmuch as "publish or perish" summarizes the requirements for advancement in the academy, I was most anxious, recently, about finding a publisher for my doctoral dissertation, "The Influence of the Peanut on American Foreign Policy, 1783-1812." Rather uneasy about the exotic nature of my manuscript, I anticipated rough sledding. Much to my surprise the manuscript prompted bids from ten or fifteen different houses, not to mention several attractive offers from certain academic editors. After long deliberation I decided to sign with Trivia Press (an off-shoot of one of the new educational conglomerates: General Animated Motor Skills) which offered me a complete set of John Kenneth Galbraith's cardigans and Arthur M. Schlesinger's bow ties in lieu of royalties. Astonished at this magnanimity, I aked my editor, a Mr. Libros Bilgewater, how Trivia Press could be so generous.

"Easy." he replied. "Librarians these days will buy anything, now that they can gouge the public through the state legislatures, not to mention the funds from HEW."

"Certainly you aren't suggesting," I interjected, "that book publishers are capitalizing on the munificence of the public purse."

"Nonsense," Bilgewater shot back. "We are only supplying what the market demands. Why you wouldn't believe how many requests our reprint division, Retread Press, gets for reissues of the great classics outlining America's incomparable history of violence, imperialism, and racism. Why the demand has been so great that we have entertained the project of publishing all of Andrei Y. Vishinsky's U.N. speeches as **Stand Up For America.** We are even taking on Jerry Rubin as our consultant on 'Repression in American History.'"

"But surely Rubin has no credentials as a historian!" I observed.

"Credentials!!! Who the hell needs credentials?" snorted Bilgewater, grabbing for his dog-eared copy of Becker. "Becker said it all when he wrote that 'the historian is the myth-maker for the tribe.' Thus I feel 'authority' is determined by the climate of opinion of the historian. Today's climate of opinion is violent. Voila! Jerry Rubin. Besides, who is more repressed than Rubin?"

I was astonished by my editor's **non sequitur.** "Wait a minute Bilgewater," I menaced. "Where do scholarly monographs like mine fit into your scheme? Are you going to associate my

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research with the secretions of Jerry Rubin? I'll have none of it. I...I...I'll go to a competitor." Outraged I grabbed my manuscript and headed for the door while Bilgewater attempted an interception. We collided at the door; my second chapter, "Peanut Reciprocity Negotiations and the U.S.-Tangiers Crisis of 1792," scattered on the floor.

"Wait! Reconsider our inducements before you make such a hasty decision over your future," Bilgewater pleaded, blocking my exit. "We won't just publish your peanut monograph. You can edit a new series on American foreign policy. We'll call it 'American Foreign Policy Decisions in a Nutshell.' " Warming to his subject, Bilgewater spoke as though inspired. "Then you can issue a book of readings on recent critiques of American foreign policy culled from the pages of **Ramparts**, **American Opinion** and the **New York Review of Books**. We'll call it **A Kernel of Truth.**

"But surely," I interjected, "the value of foreign policy critiques from such aberrant journals is at least dubious and at best transitory."

Bilgewater jumped in ecstasy. "The kid's got it!! Since any such series will be obsolete in a year or two, then Trivia can issue a new series. Exactly five years after Trivia quits publishing the series, Retread Press will re-release it as an 'Oldie but Goodie' at three times its original price."

"Hold on, Bilgewater. Librarians will realize the nature of this fraud. Won't they refuse to comply with your scheme?"

"Refuse! Hell, they're part of the fraud. You see, librarians are like Catholics. All they can think about is 'proliferate, proliferate.' Hell, they're biblionymphomaniacs: they can never say no. Since most of them are old maids, every book purchase fulfills a maternal need. It's a great gimmick. They can pamper and fondle their latest reference set, without having to go through the pains of bringing another **bouboos americanus** into this veil of tears."

Still feeling argumentative, I remarked that professors surely wouldn't order such rubbish. "Sure they will," Bilgewater insisted. "Haven't you ever heard of logrolling?" I nodded my assent. "Same damn thing goes on in colleges. Professor X favorably reviews Professor Y's book in the **Yahoo State Journal of Humanistic Studies**, and of course Professor Y reciprocates with X's book."

Astounded at this information, I wasn't prepared for Bilgewater's next revelation: many professors never bother to read the books they "review." Publishers merely pay them a stipend for writing something innocuous or pleasant.

The insidiousness of such a practice overwhelmed me, and at first I was tempted to dismiss it as merely another Bilgewater excess. Then I recalled the number of blurbs and mentally calculated that the reviewer would have been required to read at the rate of 4947.26 paragraphs per minute. 24 hours a day to read the number of books he claimed to review.

My blood boiled. "Enough, Bilgewater! We must stop this travesty on American scholarship. I'll have no part of your insane perversion. Trivia Press won't get my research nor will anyone else." I attempted to shove him aside but he clung to my manuscript like a dying man, all the time imploring me not to desert my country. Always considering myself something of a chauvinist, I inquired what could possibly be unpatriotic about my refusal to publish.

"You've heard of the **Report from Iron Mountain** and its warning that the American economy cannot afford to revert from a war-time to a peace-time structure?" I indicated that I was aware of the **Report**. Relieved, Bilgewater continued. "Well, to take up the slack (witness Seattle's unemployment rate due to curtailed aerospace contracts for Boeing) the publishing industry must continue to increase its output. Peace may break out at any moment, and we in the industry must be ready for it. So we must tool up for greater pulp production than we ever thought possible. Hell! Already hints of a slowdown in government contracts have prompted many leading government contractors such as Raytheon, Xerox, RCA and Bell & Howell to move into the publishing and educational industries."

"You surely don't mean," I interrupted, "that a new power elite is forming to replace the New Left shibboleth, the Military-Industrial Complex!"

"Precisely!" exclaimed Bilgewater. "Keynesian economics have taught us that the United States can't survive without a complex. Have you heard of the **Report From Slippery Rock?**" I assured him that I hadn't. Bilgewater smiled. "Well, that's not exactly surprising--it's all been very hush hush. Briefly put, earlier this year the National Security Council at the President's request called together the country's leading minds to meet at Slippery Rock State College in Pennsylvania to consider alternatives to the military-industrial complex, which is obviously on its last leg due to an impending outbreak of peace. They considered the welfare-intellectual complex and all sorts of variations but settled on a P-E-P Complex."

"What on earth is a P-E-P Complex?" I laughed.

"Don't crowd me, boy. All in good time. P-E-P stands for Politicians, Education, and Publishing. We are already forming alliances between these three groups to keep the economy going the moment peace erupts." "Wait a minute," I demanded. "How are you going to guarantee the stability of such an alliance?" "Hell! That's easy. Don't you remember Hamilton's ideas on government? he insisted that the federal government curry the favor of the rich to guarantee their support of the new national government. Same principle works here--self-interest, pure and simple. Politicians, whether at the local, state or national level, will appropriate billions for the P-E-P Complex because they know that the electronics, publishing and other allied industries, being grateful, will give them high-paying consultant positions when they retire from public office."

My mind boggled at Bilgewater's conception, but I was beginning to see the beauty, and the necessity, of the new complex. Suddenly I realized a new significance to that maligned phrase "publish or perish." Now the true meaning of that motto hit me with the force of a first edition. It wasn't the professor who would perish if he didn't publish --it was the entire country!

Endowed with a new feeling of purpose, and with head high, I thanked Bilgewaater for his inspiration, handed him my manuscript, and departed, all the while planning my next **Magnum Opus**: a computer study of the socio-economic makeup of Terre Haute's bordelloes. □

Great American Series

In the fevered state of our country, no good can ever result from any attempt to set one of these fiery zealots to rights, either in fact or principle. They are determined as to the facts they will believe and the opinions on which they will act. Get by them, therefore, as you would by an angry bull; it is not for the man of sense to dispute with such animal.

Thomas Jefferson

The Saturday Evening Club Proudly Announces: Appointment of Dr. John L. Kelley as Warren Gamaliel Harding Professor of History at Iberia College, Iberia, Ohio.

Mr. Kelley is the author of HARDING: THE FIRST EDWARD KENNEDY.

Teddy: His Troubles and Ours

John Avey

A little more than a year removed from the incident at Dyke Bridge, Teddy Kennedy has become a Dreyfus in reverse: Dreyfus, the innocent, was sent to Devil's Island; Teddy, the guilty, will in all probability be sent back to the United States Senate. Cynics may claim to see no difference between those two fates, but it is safe to say that Teddy has done very well for himself. Sitting next to Carl Curtis or Russell Long may be an exquisite torment to a fellow of Teddy's patrician sensibilities, but it beats solitary confinement any day.

The public seems to be content with inflicting upon Teddy nothing more serious than a lower rating in the polls. Admittedly, this is evidence of a public at-

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titude less than respectful to the young prince, but it is not exactly tar and feathers. The polls indicate that the Massachusetts voters are quivering with anticipation to cast their votes for the Great Channel Swimmer.

There is a macabre fascination about all this. Teddy managed to pull off what might be called the hat trick of political disaster: he offended the woman voter's sense of family sanctity, proved himself to be either a bad liar or a good Machiavellian in his attempts to explain away the incident and disgraced himself by reading Ted Sorenson's transparent and contradictory apology over nationwide television. Any one of these would ordinarily be enough to end a political career. Yet, after all this, he is back in business, lustily preaching morality to others from the Senate floor, greeted by thunderous applause on campus (that citadel of contemporary morality) and apparently only biding time before he makes his move toward the White House.

Quite a fellow, our Teddy. Students of contemporary morality may well ponder his comeback, for it tells us more about the state of the nation than it does about the state of Teddy's soul. The apparently bottomless reservoir of sympathy for the Kennedy family has played an important role in his rehabilitation, yet it is not enough to explain the almost total lack of sustained moral outrage against him.

What is it about Teddy or about us that makes it impossible for us to treat him with the proper mixture of pity and scorn he deserves--and, perhaps, in his heart of hearts, really even wants? Whatever it may be, it is contributing to a rise in Teddy's popularity and a steady decline in what might be called the national conscience.

The conscience of France was finally awakened after overwhelming evidence showed that Dreyfus was wrongly accused; the conscience of America is slumbering pleasantly after overwhelming evidence has been presented to show that Teddy acted shamefully, perhaps even criminally, before, during and after the Dyke Bridge incident.

Instead of the sustained and fervent display of moral outrage, we are witnessing what might be called the Rehabilitation of a Candidate, 1970. A recent article in a women's magazine dealt with Joan Kennedy and her reactions to the incident. Fans of Teddy -- if not fans of justice -- will be glad to learn that Joan and Ted (she never calls him Teddy) are getting along just fine, thank you, and that it was really a great blow to Ted but he has come through it a better man, etc.

Yet the most important piece of evidence pointing to a campaign of rehabilitation is a long, well-written and obviously sympathetic account of Teddy in The **New York Times Magazine.** The article, "Can Kennedy Survive His Reputation," contains all the essential elements of the New Teddy revision.

The writer begins by asking: "How grave is the wound?"

The wound, it turns out, is not a physical one, but one to Teddy's "self-esteem" and "commitment." Here we have for the first time what will be a recurring theme in the rehabilitation campaign: Teddy as a sort of secular saint, his psychic wound a political version of the stigmata. This is a particularly interesting gambit, for it takes what should be Teddy's great weakness -- his association with a disgraceful incident -- and turns it into a strength. He is "bearing up," he is "enduring." By the time the media are finished with this ploy, the incident at Dyke Bridge will be seen as an example of Teddy's heroic fortitude. Ah, H.L. Mencken, wouldst that thou were alive at this hour!

In the midst of the **Times** magazine article, we are even threatened by the unthinkable: Teddy may run for the Senate, win, and then. . . **resign!** The writer, evidently shaken to the core by such a thought, hastens to assure us that he doesn't really believe it. Teddy would not do **that** to us.

At this point, one does not know whether to laugh or cry. It is history seen through the eyes of a **Catch-22** Character. Everything is upside down but curiously serene. Teddy, who by any civilized rules of behavior should be in a Trappist monastery living out his life in repentance and grief, has days and apparently even weeks of levity and gaiety according to the **Times** writer. Occasionally, however, he does withdraw, "thinking of those things he's been through." Nobody, apparently, knows the troubles he has seen. Whether or not the parents of Mary Jo Kopechne have moments of levity is not mentioned by the writer. But, then, they have not "been through" what Teddy has.

What does it all mean? It is my guess that the incident at Dyke Bridge may well serve as a landmark (or, to be more consistent, a watershed) in the history of American public morality. For the first time it has been confirmed that despite many moralistic pronouncements, the overwhelming majority of the American people simply do not care very much about moral questions. What Americans do care about are moralistic fads and fashionable causes, especially those that are given vociferous support by the media and the more liberal pulpits. The plight of left-handed Puerto Rican midgets could become a national crusade if given the proper exposure; the plight of Mary Jo Kopechne, her parents, elementary decency, truth and, yes, honor, seems to be too much of a burden for the public to bear for longer than a few weeks.

If anyone seeks to discover the progress of morality in the twentieth century, he could do worse than to re-read Joseph Conrad's **Lord Jim** and then read the material from the Kennedy television cop-out. Conrad's hero dishonored himself and spent the rest of his life wandering in search of repentance and atonement. Teddy dishonored himself and his family, then called for a vote of confidence from his constituency.

Conrad, looking down upon us, is probably muttering in Polish, wondering if anyone will ever again be able to read his great book with any understanding. Within seventy years we have gone from the stern, pitiless but deeply human vision of Conrad to. . .what? To Teddy and Gargan and Markham and all those wonderful girls in the boiler room. It has not been precisely what one would call a Pilgrims' Progress. □

John Avey is a mortician and soldier of fortune working in Washington, D.C. He has served several Presidents and his favorite hobby is skindiving.

Professor X and Emending the Causes of Campus Unrest

Roger D. Tyrrell

I just thought that some of you might be interested in what your professors think, when they're not hiding under their desks or holding on to a podium for life-giving oxygen. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education recently surveyed the nation's professors (now numbering more than 500,000), and their preliminary tabulation revealed the following:

1). That the politics of the nation's professors is clearly "liberal."

A). Fully forty-seven per cent described themselves as "left" or "liberal," and another twenty-five per cent said they were "middle of the road."

B). Only twenty-two per cent considered themselves "moderately conservative," and a mere two per cent are "strongly conservative."

C). Just over half voted for Mr. Humphrey in 1968, and just under thirty per cent voted for Mr. Nixon.

2). The professors' political inclinations vary markedly according to their field of study.

A). Almost eighty-one per cent of American sociologists are "left" or "liberal," while only five per cent are "moderately" or "strongly" conservative.

B). Among Agriculture professors, eighteen per cent are "left" or "liberal" and forty-nine per cent are "moderately" or "strongly" conservative.

3). Professors are strongly committed to the ideal of academic freedom.

A). About eighty-two percent believe that professors "should be free to present in class any idea that they consider relevant."

B). An even larger proportion disagree with the statement that "Political activities by students have no place on a college campus."

C). About seventy-four per cent believe that professors "should be free on campus to advocate violent resistance to public authority." But of course the professors do not feel that they should be held responsible when students are shot by national guardsmen.

D). And seventy-three per cent reject the proposition that "student demonstrations have no place on campus."

Now remembering our professors' jaunty sanctioning of anarchic effusions here is what they say when their little livelihoods are at stake. When their pupils come rapping at their doors:

1). Four-fifths of those polled believed that

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"campus disruptions by militant students are a threat to academic freedom." And do you remember how many of these learned men had rejected the proposition that "student demonstrations have no place on campus"?

2). Fifty-four per cent disapproved either "with reservations" or "unreservedly" "the emergence of radical student activism in recent years." And do you remember the seventy-four per cent of them who had asserted that professors should be free to "advocate violent resistance"?

Clearly the American professor is idyllically ignorant of "cause and effect." He is a professional man without professional standards, but that doesn't make him a bad person. That merely means our next educational subsidy should reward professors for not teaching. □

Mr. Tyrrell is the light-heavyweight champion of St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Love" in the Streets

Revolution and the Secular Ethic of Love

Gary North

Revolution: the word is everywhere. On the surface, it would seem that Marx's dream of a revolutionary age is being fulfilled, although the various revolutions which we are presently facing are not all strictly Marxist in content and structure. This fact would not have discouraged Marx--the Paris Commune of 1871 was hardly a Marxist affair and Marx welcomed it in his **Civil War in France.** In the United States, the base of "revolutionary" operations centers in the university, the urban ghetto, and the hippie subculture. In these areas any number of "operators" are trying to control or direct the irrational urge for destruction: old-line Communists and innumerable "splinter" factions; Black Nationalists of various description; non-Marxist revolutionary humanists; and fragmented "New Left," which draws from all these groups. Such ingredients make the chaos total.

The race question and the problems of the Negro ghetto are important issues, but I am not so concerned with them at this point. The black revolutionaries are not motivated by the contemporary love ethic, nor do they claim to be. "Get Whitey!" seems straightforward enough. They act more openly and consistently within the revolutionary tradition, and as a result they are not so difficult to understand. Certainly they are easier to understand than the masochistic whites advocating perpetual tolerance and apparently unaware of or unconcerned with the destructive forces tearing down their own society. A more baffling problem for most Americans is the question of revolution on the campus. Parents and taxpayers are asking themselves a basic question: Why should college students turn against the very society which makes possible their education through its taxes and gifts to educational institutions?

Let us remember that the vast majority of college students are not revolutionary. But this is a cause for rejoicing only in part; students are not conservative out of principle, but out of apathy. Since revolutionary activity does involve some degree of risk and personal commitment, most students are not revolutionaries. But enough of them are, for it does not take many dedicated anarchists to bring a highly interdependent and specialized institution, e.g. a university, to a grinding halt.

The usual answer to the question of why students revolt makes reference to "youthful idealism." Students supposedly have a higher standard of morality than do their elders. They have not compromised with the Establishment out of fear; they are not cowards; they are not submissive to evil vested interests. Anyway, this is how the argument tends to run. Yet the public is simultaneously expected to accept this fact along with another: that of the "new morality." The ethos of the new morality leads those same students to abandon the old patterns of courtship and romance. A new kind of freedom has been substituted--a freedom supposedly involving whole new vistas of human responsibility and concern. In fact, the new morality is just the old sin, and parents should not be deluded. Unfortunately most are deluded, or at least confused enough to remain silent. They seem to accept both the idea of youthful idealism and the idea of youthful promiscuity. In short, adults tolerate or even encourage these students' provocative actions because they have swallowed the line that these students are exponents of both a higher morality and a non-morality. The link supposedly bridging the gap is "love." The heart of the new situational ethics is the idea that "love conquers all," especially all moral standards and restraints. The slogan is "make love, not war," unless, of course, the war happens to be domestic. Even the domestic war is based on their idea of love (a less obvious fact which I hope to explain in this article.)

Under these circumstances, idealism is cheap. It is an idealism financed by unsuspecting, blinded and careless parents,

in cooperation with deceived and coerced taxpayers; often, they are the same people. Thus--insulated by a number of obliging institutional buffers--it is easy to criticize the prevailing scheme of things. And make no mistake about it, these are buffers: **parents** captivated by the concept of higher education and unconcerned by the content of that education; **frightened college administrators** compromised by revolutionary faculty members, their own relativism, a desire to appear "liberal" and a frantic unwillingness to admit to legislatures or alumni that anything is fundamentally wrong. The result was inevitable, and it should have been foreseen: a generation raised on permissive educational philosophies is now rebelling against the "**bourgeois** morality" which has nurtured **both** the students and the philosophies. The youthful **enrages** are taking the implications of their parents' moral flabbiness and permissiveness to their ultimate conclusion: total lawlessness. Both parents and college administrators (with a few exceptions) now stand back in horror, confused and helpless in the face of the product their ideas have wrought.

What we are witnessing is the triumph of relativism. For several centuries, relativism has been eating away at the foundations of western culture. Christian concepts of morality have sustained our civilization for many years, but now there is very little moral capital left to sustain the sons and daughters of the Enlightenment. Within the academic community--if we can still call it a community--relativism has become the intellectual creed which governs all endeavors. The schools are committed to a broad, supposedly neutral search for truth, but the **search**, not the truth, is foremost in professors' minds. Any faculty member who audaciously enters a classroom announcing that he has discovered some permanent truth will be regarded as utterly unprofessional and dogmatic. Students learn this very quickly, through a whole series of institutional controls. Karl Mannheim set the tone for all academic investigation in the social sciences back in the thirties, when his **Ideology and Utopia** raised total relativism to the status of a productive blessing in disguise.

In any culture where relativism is the dominant philosophy, culture's will to maintain itself must evanesce. As a result, the culture is left to the mercy of nihilists, who adopt one of relativism's key ideas--that no concept and no institution has any validity apart from the fleeting present--and conclude that **no** institution has any right to exist. To be at the mercy of the nihilists is to be abandoned. Relativism posits a world in which whirl is king; it can do little to arm itself against a religion of revolution. Revolution is simply relativism made explicit and consistent.

The hippie subculture is not directly linked to the campus, except insofar as members of both groups rely on the same drug pusher or the same pornographer for their supplies. A true hippie has dropped out of the establishment world, and this means the university. In any case, he will find it difficult to maintain a C average at a Berkeley or a Columbia if he lives

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consistently with a philosophy of total departure. He has to leave. Nevertheless, there are some definite similarities between the hippie movement and the more radical students, and the source of that agreement is seen in their attitudes toward standards of any kind, especially moral standards. The student may have given more thought to the intellectual justification of his moral relativism, but the hippies' "love ethic" is fundamentally the same as his. The secular love ethic proclaims the unity of all life, and above all, the unity of humanity. There must be no obstacles to the full personal interaction among men and women; the sanctity of interpersonal relations is foremost. This implies that traditional moral standards must be abolished, since they act as inhibitions to the unity of mankind. Institutions that might promote such standards must also be abolished. Privacy becomes a barrier to the "full development of the individual." These nihilists have no understanding of the fabric of civilization; they cannot grasp the fact that humans need certain social and personal barriers in order to exist. They have read too much Georges Sorel and not enough Georg Simmel. They are determined, most of all, to destroy those most fundamental principles that divide men, religious principles. Love must conquer all.

Bearing this in mind, the reader may now have greater insight into the increasing milltancy of the hippie movement. It is at this point that the hippie subculture is undergoing its own revolution. The basically pacifistic framework of the earlier "drop-outs" is rapidly passing. It is being replaced by a more strident activism. The Chicago riots brought this into the open. We are becoming accustomed to campus riots and ghetto riots, and the time of the rioting hippie is about at hand. The love ethic is not passive in nature; it can be converted into the most rigorous kind of revolutionary action. Though it may not seem immediately evident, the love ethic is not far removed in principle from the activism of the fascist movement or the Soviet and Chinese brands of revolutionary ferment. The hippies and the fascists have been **monistic** in orientation, i.e., willing to accept all things in principle (except opposition). The marxists are **dualists** who see all progress as a clash of irreconcilable opposites--a clash which will some day destroy the capitalist world and create a harmonious, peaceful, creative monistic world of proletarian happiness. Both philosophies take their stands against traditional and especially Christian societies that are founded on the idea of differences among men, but which seek to make possible certain kinds of voluntary cooperation in those spheres of life common to all members of the society. Such institutions and societies are written off by both the radical monists and the radical dualists: these establishment structures--to quote Trotsky--are fit only for the "garbage pile of history." The hippies, in what Robert Nisbet has called their quest for community, are likely candidates for seduction by some charismatic, totalitarian figure who will lead them in their struggle against "straight" society. Here Charles Manson comes to mind.

In short, both relativism and the secular love ethic can lead (and are presently leading) to moral and political nihilism. As the nihilistic tendencies in the campus and hippie communities grow more pronounced, the means are increasingly available for establishing a common cause in revolutionary activity. This is the fusion which the various revolutionary minorities want to weld. At present, it would appear that the New Leftists stand on the brink of success, though their movement is incredibly fragmented. The lust for change overarches the fragments, magnetizing them together. In the absence of some establishment institution to oppose, I suspect they would turn into political cannibals--as did the Jacobins in 1793--but until that time, they can work within a common bond of chaos and revolutionary activity. Perhaps this has already taken place.

Berkeley has been the symbol of the "movement," and it is no accident that the little city of Berkeley houses both the University of California and the hippie subculture of Telegraph Hill. In recent months, the former hippie haven, Haight-Ashbury, has been depleted, as the migration to Berkeley has become pronounced. The open revolution broke out in Berkeley in 1964 during the Free Speech movement. Ironically in the year 1968--the University's centennial--the age of Mario Savio had just dawned. How proud Clark Kerr must have been! The Berkeley-Oakland complex manifests the fusion of the real "triple revolution"--the ghetto, the university, and the hippie subculture. So if anyone should happen to ask you for a one-sentence summary of what took place on the outstanding campus of the largest, richest, and finest state-supported university in America, just tell him this: it is a century of secular, liberal relativism coming home to roost.

And the outcome of the Berkeley unrest? A precedent-setting defeat of a quarter of a billion dollar bond measure-- which we can perhaps view as a positive good, for perhaps it indicated that the public is finally taking a critical interest in its university. If the administrators fear the loss of their budgets more than they fear the irresponsible students and faculty, there will be less "love" on the campus. In any case, students should not be too disheartened. Only one major institutional change has been made either at Columbia or Berkeley since the outbreak of violence: teaching loads have been **dropped** again! Now professors have to spend even less time with their alienated students. Perhaps the students will learn a lesson Edmund Burke offered us in 1790: revolutions seldom accomplish their ends, but they do make the earlier evils worse. □

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Cover Story

In Praise of Youthful Idealism

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

I write from a profound sense of mental and physical exhaustion, for I have just read every jot, tittle and splutter uttered by Spiro T. Agnew since the plain folk of this great republic anointed him Vice President of these United States. Ah, but this was a mere warm-up. For having surmounted all the hazardous peaks of Mr. Agnew's speeches and tippytoed round his every volcanic interview, I -- in a moment of youthful brashness -- ventured on to the Himalayas as it were, to the vast mountains of criticism that have risen about this most controversial statesman. Yes, I actually labored over everything recently said by the Vice President, only to lumber on to everything the media have said about him -- that is, everything their lawyers would allow them to print or mutter. And now, having regained consciousness and received the assurance of my family physician that I again have complete command of my faculties, I may cogitate over this arduous but somehow wonderful adventure.

It started with one of those crises which fate inevitably fires into every great man's life; as with Saint Paul, mine was a moment of revelation from which I would never be quite the same old rascal. Like the rest of the members of my glorious generation I was under immense stress. I feared for my nation. Repression was upon us. Portentous shadows shrouded the land, precursors to the imminent resurrection of A. Mitchell Palmer, William Jennings Bryan and the fabled Senator Joseph McCarthy, all in one puff. Glimpses at the **New York Times** suggested that the Know-Nothing Party was again a going concern with powerful connections deep within the White House. For a certitude the Klan was about. It was only a matter of time before the Bolsheviki of Harvard would be in chains. Somber television commentators were reporting the nightly prowlings of the feared Agnew. Mercilessly he would strike the most defenseless of American institutions, uncoiling a venomous tongue and hatefully lashing the last relics of purity in the land: first the powerless television networks, then poor Mrs. Katharine Graham and her little gazette. Not even the **New York Times** was beyond his vengeance. Indeed this Agnew was bad stuff.

It was in this storm celler of depression -- with the First Amendment gone the Bill of Rights aflame -- that I decided to investigate this Agnew for myself. I wrote the American Ministry of Information for a chrestomathy of his latest speeches, half expecting a **Little Red Book**. Ah, how wrong I was. The package

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arrived in a plain brown wrapper, and I devoured it in one sitting. Admittedly it was pretty strong medicine. But it was weak tea compared to the pronunciamentoes of his critics after whose reading I spent hours in my prayer chamber. Today, however, I am my old self and I stand conscience- bound to inform you that the Statue of Liberty is secure -- you may still bomb it. The fall riots will be on schedule. Fee free to buy those inspirational American flag door mats. We have nothing to fear for traditional American liberties. Mr. Agnew will not repress us.

Indeed Mr. Agnew is not even a danger to the isolates who pay taxes nor to the magnificoes of the media, for their case against him is as ridiculous as it is imaginative. My readings of his speeches convince me of this, for rather than revealing the enormities of the Vice President, my research indicates that in America the word "media" is a code word for aristocracy...decadent aristocracy.

Shame overcomes me as I recollect how I was duped by the media. I had not always taken the media so seriously. In days of yore I had laughed them off with the same merriment I generally accord female shot putters, and visiting African royalty, for no half-intelligent American takes a television commentator seriously. This is true throughout the civilized world, and even in parts of Latin America, where the Bishops have brought the mystery of television. No matter what language a commentator's tongue is geared for, his audience presumes him to be a nitwit. Listening to a commentator's silly telegenic maunderings makes, I suspect, even the Pope laugh.

In America freedom of the press is a right born of doctrine and enshrined by tradition. It is one of our most august heritages. Whereas apple pie and mama have suffered on the cynic's anvil, the free press has continued to shine, burnished by idealists and skeptics alike. It is the origin of **The Federalist Papers,** the proving grounds for our Hemingways and Hardings and the charnel house for false pretense and malfeasance. On some days it has goaded us to our most superb achievements, but on others it has fallen flat. Its treatment of Mr. Agnew is one of those melancholy flops.

It might have gone over better were the majority of Americans still believers in ghosts and goblins. But today such devotees of the occult as remain are the butt of public ridicule. Presidents regularly raise such oafs to prominence on Presidential commissions as a practical joke that even the dullest citizen understands and enjoys immensely. Even social problems laugh at them. No, modern journalists have tried through exaggeration, deceit and arrant neglect to frighten the nation into viewing Mr. Agnew as Doctor Nixon's Frankenstein, and all they have managed, aside from discomfiting his golf game, is to display themselves as foolish and dubious. The professors' achievement has been even more ignominious. Had the media merely reported the Vice President's doings and allowed their audience to decide his thoughtfulness, social value, historical displacement and character, they would stand in far better stead to their readers and be, I am certain, in no greater danger of losing their immortal souls to the fires below. Actually, Mr. Agnew's speeches have been quite thoughtful, and since his New Orleans talk--in which he identified his critics as an "effete corps of impudent snobs"--even his critics have agreed. Now they have changed their theme from "Agnew the Simp" to "Agnew the Menace," and we are all supposed to pack our bags every time he approaches a dais. Their case is a little weak, but let us pursue their most popular allegations.

Rather hysterically they allege, and I here cite **The Saturday Review** as but one of the plaintiffs, that the Vice President is threatening with extinction the communication media's revered right of free speech. Exactly how a solitary vice president is going to bring down the ax on ABC-CBS-NBC, their hundreds of affiliates and the great newspapers of the land, unhindered by either the nation's occasional or career libertarians (ACLU) and despite almost two centuries of American constitutional process, evades me. Even assuming his Commander-in-Chief brings up the heavy artillery, I cannot fathom how the administration will bring the media to heel without first destroying itself. So hamstrung by our obscenely partisan Congress that it has as yet not even been able to bestow upon us history's most generous welfare package,

18 June 1970. St. Clairsville, Ohio. The state of Ohio honored Mrs. Dora W. Johnson, who is at least 116 years old, with a plaque.

just how is the administration going to gag the mighty gossip industry? Even if--much to the embarrassment of America's elite corps--the citizenry supports the Administration, I cannot imagine that support to be so slavish that they would deny themselves one of the linchpins of their democracy. Surely the press room astrologers do not see Messrs. Nixon and Agnew as so possessed by the devil as to defile one of America's most sacred blessings!

Of course the gossips are just pulling our legs. In all Mr. Agnew's expatiations on the media, their aggrieved defenders have not detected one hint as to exactly how Mr. Agnew could silence them. In desperation they recently turned to a speech by the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Dean Burch, on which they had to work a little palmistry. According to their interpretation Mr. Burch would silence network television's criticism by threatening withdrawal of FCC licenses. Truly this is a grand irony, for the government should not have granted these licenses in the first place. The networks hold a mysterious spell over the FCC and have used it to eliminate the growth of competitive networks, especially pay television. When the government granted licenses, it then sanctioned a monopoly in restraint of trade. Inasmuch as the networks are the beneficiaries of a monopoly inhibiting competition and treading on the First Amendment, these licenses should be rescinded. Just as the government once auctioned its public lands, it should now auction its frequencies to any group able to meet the market price. While encouraging diversity of expression among networks this would prevent the government from favoring one network over another and thereby pressing the media's jugular.

But this is not what the networks are asking of the Administration. Rather they want Mr. Agnew's criticism to abate. **They** want to censor **him,** and if **he** acknowledges their criticism with any but the most abject reply he is imperiling their poor freedoms. Even the most gullible teen-aged street mystic recognizes that the media overflow with prejudice, yet Mr. Agnew cannot even hint that the gossips dislike him lest they go into scenes of simpering and fretting unmatched since Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was photographed drinking bottled beer with her gardener.

Another of the popular briefs his critics bring against him relies on the educated man's hysteria over the "authoritarian personality." This is an old wives' tale, popularized by Ritualistic Liberals, which marks anyone who criticizes them **ipso facto** an Austrian house painter. By citing Mr. Agnew's remark about sequestering "rotten apples," his critics assert that he is ushering in a Draconian age of repression (and with his authoritarian personality what else could you expect?) Now for me, there is a breezy vagueness about the term "rotten apples" -- and at any rate to denounce them just does not sound like a clarion call for genocide. Yet his first mention of this newly found minority group set **The New Yorker** (Radical Chic's answer to the louse underground) to conjuring up the most terrifying visions of the totalitarian nightmare. The psychiatrists call this neurosis. But their uncertain state of mind notwithstanding, **The New Yorker's** savants certainly have to admit that in a nation visited last year by 4330 bombings, 1475 bombings manques and 35,129 bombing threats, there might well exist some sort of rotten apples.

Mr. Agnew's critics have adduced one more allegation to prove him a national hazard. It is an allegation I find deliciously amusing, to wit, Mr. Agnew is refrigerating the nation into "polarization." You can review all the dictionaries on this one and they will never quite impart the flavor this word is supposed to discharge. Polarization is another of those perfectly serviceable words bequeathed us by our ancestors and recently summoned by the press for its very special purposes. Like "law and order," "extremism," "escalation" and the other asphyxiating terms of the sixties, it reeks with deadly connotation. The faintest whiff of it is supposed to overcome us with stupefaction enchanting us to fall

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in line behind the artful editorialist. Such words are themselves mere period pieces, and those who spray them are charlatans, modernized versions of the quacks who mesmerized us into Prohibition and anti-anti-communism. Polarization when spoken, say, by David Brinkley means that the Republic's plain folk agree with Mr. Agnew and dissent from the Liberalism prevailing at NBC. Polarization is the one form of dissent our liberal friends frown upon. It is subversive.

Great American Series

Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle.

Thomas Jefferson

Early in his career as the nation's most distinguished monster, Mr. Agnew's allusions to "fat Japs" and "Polacks" attracted so much criticism that it seemed Washington would have to renegotiate its transistor radio treaty and put down civil war in Chicago. One would never have imagined that the Vice President would in a matter of months contribute constructively to American political discourse. His speeches attracted more partisan sniper fire, more ideological bombardment, than those of any vice president in the sublime history of that high office. Somehow all this furor seemed a bit odd. For (before being called to service by his party during the election season) his speeches grew less partisan and were always ideologically vague. Departing from the great American tradition of disparaging one's predecessors, he graciously accorded well-deserved praise to President Johnson for "his selfless attitude (which) merits the respect of all Americans," and to Dean Rusk for giving America "an example of personal courage, perseverance, loyalty and wisdom that will be the yardstick against which present and future secretaries will be measured." For further documentation I have overcome all the scruples of my conscience and refer you to a **New York Times** article by Art Schlesinger wherein this famed journalist admits the Vice President rarely comments on "conflicts of policy." Yet the furor continues, and peace-loving Americans are starting to wonder why.

Mr. Agnew's daintier critics (for instance John Osborne of **The New Republic**) tell us that it is because of his rhetorical muscularity — his proclivity for, in his words, "throwing them a little red meat." Yet sensational rhetoric is the creation of the media. Through the years the press has enthusiastically sought dramatic headlines, and television-radio is a big-time promoter of the more theatrical portrayals of mischief and nonsense. If anything intelligent ever sneaks into the six o'clock news, it is generally because its author has the instincts of a P. T. Barnum or Cecil B. DeMille. Robust monologues delivered before crackling flashbulbs and whirring television cameras have in the past raised all sorts of indecorous slobs to the level of folk heroes without attracting a sniff of displeasure from the thrones of the mighty. In any case solons like Lord Lindsay and Colonel Fulbright have for years given themselves to provocative if not incivistic remarks without ever suffering any of Mr. Agnew's dark celebrity. Even the Hon. George Wallace in his most bigoted eloquence did not draw the sustained derision that now showers the Vice President. The war whoops are resounding you see not because of the way Mr. Agnew says things but because of **what** he says. Yet if, in what he says, he is discommoding the decadent aristocrats in the media and on the campus, he is also making a genuine contribution to political discourse by invigorating one of the most important elements in democratic society.

Any enduring democracy embraces three social requisites: freedom, equality and commonality. Freedom and equality have been the raw material for every political exhibitionist since Tom Paine. No would-be Lincoln ever caresses a microphone without first pinning these inspirational words inside his seersucker. But who speaks for commonality?

Alexis de Tocqueville and Spiro Agnew along with many of America's foremost democratic theorists. Commonality in Tocqueville's words includes "common forms, manners and traditions." A democratic people's mores are the warp and woof of commonality, and in **Democracy in America** he categorized commonality as one of the "bulwarks of freedom" crucial to insulating minorities from the caprice of a transient majority. This structure of mores we call commonality, if it can endure our ephemeral crises and emergency legislation, will measure social programs and illuminate social goals. Most importantly commonality defines the language of discourse, and establishes the rules of democratic process, soothing the abrasions of political conflict with the unguents of understanding.

After diligently reading the Vice President's speeches I must dutifully report to you that there are dramatic moments of "red meat," but if it is a crime for him to "throw" that meat, those who serve it so fulsomely to the public are at least accomplices to that crime. Obsessed with red meat, they ignore major portions of his speeches, portions prepared most meticulously and presented most intelligently. Lest my more dubious readers convict me of cunningly suggesting the press guilty of a breach of propriety in its reportage of Mr. Agnew, let me clarify this. I do not mean to imply their guilt; I mean to proclaim it in C major. It is typical of their prodigious talent for passing the buck.

Recently we saw an even more remarkable example of their weakness in the famous Manson flap. In that instance the President reputedly prejudiced Mr. Manson's defense by referring to him as a murderer when he was legally only an **alleged** murderer. Now Mr. Nixon was not delivering his State of the Union Address, nor was he giving a charge to the jury or addressing anyone closely connected with the trial. He was speaking routinely to a small group of newsmen after a minor talk with one hundred or so law enforcement agents thousands of miles away from the trial. It was not Mr. Nixon who scurried to blast the story through the national wire services. It was not Mr. Nixon who roared in a banner headline on the front page of the **Los Angeles Times** (Quoth: "Manson Guilty, Nixon Declares" -- declares, *no* less). If the press was so anxious that Mr. Nixon not prejudice the jury, why did they publicize with such gusto his one untidy sentence? Surely Mr. Nixon was wrong in his statement, but was not the press just a little remiss in acting as wantonly as it did? The Supreme Court would seem to think so based on its 1967 decision in **Curtis Publishing Co. v. Wally Butts** in which they found the publisher of slanderous statements, as well as the author, guilty.

In the case of Mr. Agnew the press merely neglects his more intelligent statements, heating up the rhetoric as they go. The magnificoes of the media simply disapprove of what he says and fail to report it. Most of the time Mr. Agnew speaks, he speaks about the mores of the American people. To the aristocrats this is not only scandalous, it is heretical, and for the sake of heresy, I have encapsuled some of his more recent utterances that we might all appreciate Mr. Agnew's achievement, the media's failure and the importance of strong mores to a free society.

Mr. Agnew defends, so he says, dull things, "dull things like patriotism. Dull things like incentive. Dull things like respect for law." Sensing that our era is characterized by "a vague uneasiness that our values are corny--that there is something wrong with being patriotic, honest, moral, or hardworking," he fears "the last decade saw the most precipitous decline in respect for law of any decade in our history." Beginning on the sound sociological premise that "order in society begins with discipline and authority in the home," he concludes that the last decade's tumult arose when "traditional patterns of discipline and expectation were discarded." Thus in spite of the absurd assertions about the awesome intelligence deposited in today's youth, a decade of relaxed mores has ended with "much of the youth of America...blowing their minds with chemicals to escape reality and the plain business of facing up to tough, everyday problems." Bereft of mores and with their wellsprings about dried up, thousands of young Americans shuffle about "without a cultural heritage, without a set of spiritual values, and with a moral code summed up in that idealistic injunction, 'Do your own thing.'"

The dissolution of mores "has pointed our nation toward the brink of anarchy." Last May Mr. Agnew placed in high taxonomic relief those creatures who extirpate mores, tearing apart commonality and hobbling democratic process; they "are *not at the bottom of the social ladder*--indeed, many of them were born on the social ladder and have very great say about who is to climb on which rung....They can be found in every segment of society that helps to form the opinions of society at large: in the universities, in the media, in government, in the great professions...For the first time in history a great nation is threatened not by those who have nothing but by those who have almost everything"--that is to say by the decadent aristocrats who, driven by the only ardor their desiccated dogma has left them, charge their liegemen to denature the mores of

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the plain folk. Singlemindedly they have destroyed America's transmitters of mores. That is, they have corrupted the churches, deemphasized the family and reoriented the matrices of education so that today they inculcate chaotic life-styles ignorant of western civilization and devoid of American mores or commonality. They would have "the little people" gutted by velleity and living on the hem of hysteria--all the easier to reign over them, preserving their exalted status. And so they continue to rave over the Agnew Menace.

American Liberalism--an odd agglutination of abstraction, ambiguity and moonshine--has lost the old savor. If it once alleviated human travail it does so no more, and as it was always laced with anti-democratic strains it has left the aristocrats forlornly atop its superannuated structures--Ice Age bureaucracies, rococco towers of vested interests--or holed up in the bunkers of its defeated ideology--multiversities, stuffy editorial offices--hopelessly removed from the citizenry. Some among them--the older ones--realize their days of Brahmin demagoguery are over. Others--the cod-fish aristocrats, the parvenues--are victims of what they have themselves called "status displacement."

When they began their careers, a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year income bought gorgeous costumes, a fine motor car, a spacious cave and a couple ethnics to serve tea. But that was twenty-five years ago. Today when his nibs is chauffeured over to the editorial tabernacle of the **Times** it is from an apartment no longer segregated from those of the lower class. He still dresses smartly but so does the doorman. He might still have one ethnic but lately they have been getting "uppity." And of course that "chauffeur" is an opinionated taxi driver residing in Queens and spouting opinions utterly unheard of over at the **Times**.Urban crime and human orneriness can no longer be kept from the editorial aristocrats. Restaurants are crowded and taxis hard to get. Apartments cost more, slums have spread out, and the plain folk are different from "you and me." These thoughts were on Chet Huntley's mind. These revelations trouble James Reston. And Mr. Agnew seems a constant reminder that there are other perspectives on social problems and that some social problems are and have for decades been facts of life.

Oh, but it is all too, too terrible to bear so the aristocrats at the **Times** ring up their favorite intellectual for a shot of ideology. Can you hear it? Scottie Reston gets Ken Galbraith on the line and pants "What can we do about the Agnew crisis?" To which Harvard's faculty lounge rumbles something like "Nationalize sin."

So what else did you expect from an intellectual?

The American intellectual (**Homo ignoramus**) like the editorialist and commentator is an odd fish. It loathes democracy, though intellectuals have been joy-riding on its rhetoric for many years. Given to megalomania, they would like to favor Plato's government by the superior man but know in their heart of hearts that such government would not even accord them the distinction they presently enjoy under democracy--where there is always a peripheral respect shown to clownishness. Under democracy though they remain uneasy, for the superior man who usually overcomes the conflicting asininities of the crowd and governs, places them in positions of ridicule. This in itself never bothers intellectuals for they lust for attention even if they attract it only by being the focal point of a nation of guffaws. What really bothers them is their malignant realization that regardless how majestically they strut and posture they are not themselves superior to anything save strep throat. After all, you have never heard of an intellectual chairing the board of General Motors or founding an oil empire, have you? Of course not; the intellectual is too incompetent, his mind too skittish, to fasten on one problem for more than a few seconds. Recently a large research corporation in Lubbock, Texas, undertook a study of intellectuals and earthworms (**Lumbricus terrestris**) to discover which possessed longer attention spans. Though the intellectual retained more of what it saw, the researchers report that the earthworm possesses a longer attention span, roughly four-tenths of a second. (It is also possible the earthworm is more adept at cognitive learning under most conditions.) I commend this engrossing report to you. From reading it I believe you will discover why the intellectual performs in the ways that it does, and why it is held in such high esteem by the rest of the decadent aristocrats in the American aquarium.

Rather than stock its mind with sound practical information, the intellectual wanders around cluttering it with exotic curiosity pieces, bizarre hand-me-downs and amateur magic acts, until it approaches the ordered chaos of one of those artsy-craftsy gift shops where everything is overpriced and nothing is valuable. The intellectual is constantly looking across the counter at the common man and trying to sell him something. Its world is a hallucinogenic dream of great sinners and epic heroes. As with the rest of America's dissipated aristocrats the intellectuals charge their minds with great purpose, higher laws and lofty morality. The democratic ideal that everyone counts is as foreign to their minds as oxygen. Their ideal statesman is a charming, foppish promoter of circuses and sham. Chet Huntley characterizes their aspirations. He finds Mr. Nixon dreadfully shallow. His ideal president would be something like Leonard Bernstein, but never, never a man who defends the "dull things."

Obviously adherents to democracy cannot take such misanthropes very seriously. Their criticisms of Mr. Agnew sound like a chorus of asthmatics singing Bach's B Minor Mass.

But I fear there is one point I have not come to terms with, and that is Mr. Agnew's character. After reading articles about him by our competitors, **The Saturday Review, The New Republic, The Nation**, etc. I have arrived at the conclusion Mr. Agnew is no menace nor is he the fiendish character about which the aristocracy howls. Quite simply Spiro Agnew is an idealistic young politicoe troubled by romantic visions of yesterday's freedom and infused with the spirit of poetry. We may not all share his ideals, but we have to admire his sincerity. He is (in his own way) an idealistic young man trying to strike the resonance of fine metal in a plastic world; those who do not understand this youthful crusader may traduce him for dissenting from the customs of his peers, but there is much room in America for such dissent. He should be encouraged. Gratefully the Vice President is moving to the beat of his own drum. He is fresh and innovative, doing his own--very special--thing. It is as important for him as it is for us. Let us never forget that those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable.

We at **The Alternative** fear for this land which we love. On one side we see this young man, this brave young idealist ridiculed for speaking a language we do not understand, upbraided for his "distinctive" dress and alien ways. The affluent fat cats have threatened his very life and their children harass him in public. At the other end of the social ladder we see the common laborers, the proletariat, awakening to his support. There is a legitimate counter culture here, and their grievances are just. How long can we ignore them? Mr. Agnew has assured us that he will work within the system--but if the system fails to respond, what next? What will be his resort?

The Alternative urges all Americans to lower their voices, enter into dialogue (rap heavily) and try to understand -- listen to what this young man is trying to tell us or it may be too late.

AMERICA ARE YOU LISTENING?

Washington Post Syndicate

□

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is an itinerant golf caddy and political editor of THE NATIONAL TATTLER.

"PROTOCOL NOTES: *The New York Times (e.g., July 24), in reporting the trial in New Haven for the murder of Alex Rackley, refers throughout to Warren Kimbro, the government witness, as 'Kimbro,' to George Sams, another government witness, as 'Sams'— and to Bobby Seale, head of the Black Panther Party and a co-defendant, as 'Mr. Seale.'*"

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Seduced and Abandoned at Columbia

Playing it Straight at Columbia U.

R. L. Crossland

Squinting into the poorly lit, smoke-blurred pub, one stumbles among crowded tables, bordered by serried booths manned with boozey collegians. The walking wounded weave about in the contemporary student's characteristic attire of discarded military haberdashery. Though beards and mustaches are in evidence they seem strangely less repugnant. Even the ubiquitous buttons are different from those adorning the radical rich of "our generation," for these buttons proclaim disturbingly: "Tell It to Hanoi," "No Amnesty," "Free Prague," "Jim Buckley for Senator," and mysteriously "Irish Republican Army," or "Captain Budweiser Lives."

Everywhere there are large pitchers of frosty beer indicating that at least these young, idealistic veterans are Hemingway's idealists. Though most of the externals of the now generation are there, the substance is different. These students might exude the fatalism of those at war, but you probably have never heard of them. They never made the front pages. They fought for ideals but their ideals never impressed CBS.

"The Folsom Prison Blues" just barely carries above the discordant hum of the crowd. In one corner a bulky ex-football player elicits giggles from a trinity of nurses and adds a roar of his own. Three inspired warriors retreat from their much-littered booth in the far corner and boisterously weave a path to the door. A waitress (wench in the vernacular) collects the empty pitchers and dumps the ashtrays onto the floor. This is where the defenders of forsaken ideals rehabilitate. These are the veterans who fought for Columbia. No one writes editorials or poems about them. For these young minds were not destroyed by their vices or velleities. They were exploited for their strengths by dissimulating administrators who quietly sold them out. Though the Tudor decor is hardly redolent of it, this seamy pub--The Rail--is the last stronghold of Columbia's counter-revolution.

Dissent is Conformity

It was here at The Rail, in 1968, that Frank Dann and Paul Vilardi organized the Majority Coalition. That spring the Majority Coalition formed a defensive cordon hoping to keep open Low Library, the main arena for campus demonstrations. Members of the Coalition were in ties and jackets, clean-shaven and grim, as if such appearances could jar Columbia to sanity. When attacked with lead pipes and bicycle chains, the coalition members had to abandon the ties, for they provided too easy a handhold, their jackets were torn and stubble appeared on bitter chins. A sock full of pennies, called a "Fiji special" after the fraternity that developed it, became the MC's standard weapon. For a time guerrilla war raged. Finally, after what seemed interminable vacillation, the administration was compelled to call in police.

The Rail has its colorful cadre of steady patrons. Dave Carpenter (see the following article) attired in a fisherman's knit sweater and a balmoral, bellows Scottish regimental ditties gloriously, but with little attention to tune. One of the twelve students to, in 1969, sue the university's trustees for maladministration, he is now on disciplinary probation for constituting "a threat of violence" when he and three or four others led an incursion into an SDS occupied building. The New York Times described Carpenter as "a highly politically active jock." Kind of chewy--but typical Times. Roger Crossland, wearing a paratrooper jacket, sits at another booth and converses with a knot of oarsmen in garish purple sweatshirts. Allegedly he tossed two photographers out a first floor window during the same raid. John Meyer, visiting from the University of Pennsylvania Law School, stands near Carpenter's table. Meyer's nervous energy adds a new turbulence to the smoke as he scurries out of the bar with a folder of leaflets under his arm. Meyer, son of one of National Review's senior editors, splendidly fills the role of the student Right's Tom Paine--though somewhat more versatile, for he has been the National Intercollegiate Chess Champion (another of the Times' jocks?). Entering as Meyer leaves are Lehr and Rossetto, the authors of caustic parodies of SDS propaganda which first confused, then amused the university's student body. For example, they had deplored the "rape" of Anguilla by the university suppported British war machine and founded a mock pressure group, the Columbia Italian-Americans (CIA). They call themselves the Ministry of Disinformation.

And the Rail has its supporting cast,but these straights are a little louder, a little rougher, a little more bitter than their more publicized adversaries. They have the same intensity of purpose (when it is

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the left's purpose the **Times** calls it sincerity) yet a little more humor than the left's youthful idealists. One fraternity held a rally last year against the Good Humor ice cream company. Good Humor men in their militaristic white uniforms are part of a neofascistic plot to condition the masses. And "Ban the Popsicle" for today's popsicle sticks are tomorrow's punji stakes!

But after a reverie of sunshine the sadness rolls in. Like Antaeus, the straight is suspended in an environment from which he can never derive much strength. He is like one of Larteguy's **Centurions**, abandoned and accursed by those he defends.

Columbia draws a greater proportion of its student body from outside New York than the other Manhattan colleges, a situation which has caused the administration more anguish than it would care to admit. Bending with the student wind is far simpler at governmentally funded CCNY and NYC where student bodies are homogeneous and ingrown. Concessions can not be made in the benevolent manner of men of good will bending to inevitable progress, and the moderates and conservatives at Columbia are viewed as more terrible than the New Left because they do not understand the need to bend. So Columbia's administration carefully courts its enemies and rebuffs its supporters. The dropouts and transfers since the riots of '68 have been largely from the Majority Coalition element. This is a surprising development when one notes the alleged leftist disenchantment with Columbia during and since the '68 disturbances.

But from a typical conversation at The Rail you can draw your own conclusions. "I'm cutting out. I've had it up to here," a freshman with wiry blonde hair asserts sourly. He plans to transfer to Stanford. Another in the booth observes skeptically that the ROTC building there has been razed three times. "Yeh? Well at least I've seen some balance there, not like Columbia's phony claim to geographical distribution and heterogeneity. Yeh, heterogeneous for a City school." He clicks the salt shaker against the pitcher. "In every class I'm in, I feel like the token 'reactionary.' In class my contributions are greeted with the instructor's supercilious grins." An upperclassman in a ski jacket nods, "Here the dissenters are the Establishment."

At the bar, there is a scuffle between two "townies" or non-students. A pair of varsity wrestlers climb over the bar, subdue and then force the transgressors out the door in the time it takes to chug a stein.

But it is time to leave and as we go we notice over the entrance a large American flag. At The Rail things are different. Bartenders always seem to understand. □

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R. L. Crossland presently serves in the Armed Forces in Vietnam.

A Letter to the Grateful Administration of Columbia University from one of their Counter-Revolutionaries

Gentlemen:

Four years and over $8,000 ago, I came to Columbia College expecting to be able to get a good liberal arts education and in general spend my college years in the peaceful pursuit of this goal. Well, we all have our dreams! In four years at Columbia I have witnessed the destruction of a once-honorable institution. I have seen a once-great university become a third-rate political tool for a mob of Vietcong flag-waving animals who trample the rights of anyone who dares to disagree with them. This mob rules while the spineless "leaders" of the university community cringe under their desks (when they can get into the buildings), and talk about whether they are relevant or not. I have seen a once-honored Columbia degree become a worthless scrap of paper while the only real leader Columbia ever had, Dr. Truman, gets the axe because he might offend the sensitivities of the mob. I have seen many of the university's best faculty members pack their bags and leave in frustration or fear or maybe simply because they didn't relish the thought of having their files burned. I have seen the last three spring semesters disrupted with the disrupters getting only a slap on the wrist by the administrators who so want to understand them. Gentlemen, I've seen all this and I have done my best to fight it. In 1968 I stood with the Majority Coalition when the administration refused to act. I went to court against the trustees when we thought that might stir them to head off future disruptions. Last spring I acted with others to attempt to open the buildings when it appeared that administration was vacillating. Just a few weeks ago I stood with others in front of Hamilton Hall while the mob threw bricks at it to prevent them from smashing their way in. During the last three years I have had my life repeatedly threatened because I chose to stand against the mob and now I'm finished.

Gentlemen, I've had enough; I'm throwing in the towel. I have fought for Columbia for the last four years and now I believe that there is nothing left worth fighting for. Let your little friends wave their Vietcong flags, I'm sure my friends who went to Vietnam and never returned would appreciate their youthful idealism. Sit around and debate the war in your cozy senate meetings while Columbia slides into the cesspool; I no longer care. I am leaving Columbia this week to return to my native land, the United States of America, and I only hope its people will take me back.

I will not attend Commencement, that would delay my departure too long and I can't get out of here soon enough. You may mail my diploma to my home address and may I never see or hear of Columbia again. You have said that I should seek out my teachers and attempt to barter for a passing grade for my courses. This I refuse to do. I will not chase them all over the East Coast because they can't get into their classrooms or offices in this great university, which I am told by the president is still open. I have been told that I should try and finish my papers, but the last time I tried to get into the library I met a barrage of obscenities and was threatened with a club if I even attempted to try and get to the doors. The academic environment, or rather the lack of it, at Columbia, at this time makes any attempt at scholastic endeavor ludicrous.

Gentlemen, I am angry and bitter not with the leftists who do what is predictable, but with you, gentlemen. You have failed me and every other student who came to Columbia not for a war or to turn the university into a political tool for his pet cause, but for an education. For those like me Columbia is no longer worth fighting for, not when those whose duty it is to protect her fail to meet any crisis with courage and leadership. Gentlemen, continue with your myth that Columbia is still open, even though you can't get into your offices and the students can't get into the library. I want no more of it.

Alma Mater? An aging prostitute probably has more honor left.

David B. Carpenter
Box 146
Barrington, Illinois, U.S.A.

□

David B. Carpenter is a law student at Emory University.

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The Hunt for the Czar

by Guy Richards

Doubleday, 254 pp. 7.95

Pick up any recent history of twentieth-century Europe. Look through the index for "Czar Nicholas II." Somewhere in that textbook you will find a paragraph on the execution of the Czar and his family in Ekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) in far western Siberia. Often the textbook will give a grisly account of the bloody deaths, the hacking to peices of the corpses, the pouring of sulphuric acid on the remains. So died the Romanovs, and with them the last great European dynasty! A tragedy, and yet a necessary step in the march of progress! Such is the fate of reactionary monarchs who oppose history.

Unfortunately for the textbooks, it never happened. Of course, as all good progressive humanists know in their hearts, it should have happened. The fact that no bodies were ever recovered should not be regarded as evidence (though no acid works as fast as the account demands). The fact that the main source of the details is a 1920 book by Nicholas Sokolov--an intensely anti-Bolshevik White Russian judge commissioned by White Russian authorities to conduct the investigation seven months after the "massacre" (during the White Russian liberation of Siberia)--is not at all suspicious. Also insignificant is the odd fact that the financing behind the book came from the Czar's mother, the Dowager Czarina, who insisted to her intimate friends until her death in exile in 1928 that the whole family had escaped and was well. Yet publicly she maintained that they were all dead, and that is what is important, right? It almost sounds like the words of Rousseau in the introduction to his **Essay on the Origin of Inequality**: "Let us begin by laying facts aside, as they do not affect the question."

The evidence did not convince many early reporters, most notably the French official, Joseph Lasies, whose refutation of the legend appeared in the same year as Sokolov's. But the other side won the battle. Robert Wilton, correspondent with the London **Times**, stayed with the massacre account, and that is the one which the governments officially accepted. As Wilton said in his confrontation with Lasies in the Ekaterinburg railway station in May 1919: "Commander Lasies, even if the Czar and the Imperial Family are living, it is necessary to say they are dead!"

All of this is faithfully recorded in Guy Richard's startling book, **The Hunt for the Czar**. Richards, a successful New York newspaperman, has provided compelling evidence that the family escaped in 1918. The book is one of the best detective stories one could wish for. He is careful not to overstate his case; he lets his evidence do that for him. The fact that no one has even bothered to make such a search before is discouraging; the fact that it is unlikely that any textbooks will rewrite the record in the light of new evidence is even more discouraging.

When I was originally asked to review this book by the editor of the most competent (though little known) book review column in any West Coast newspaper, the editor did not know what the book contained. When I submitted my short review, calling attention to only the most verifiable facts in the book, he was obviously displeased. "Nut stuff," he said. He hesitated to publish the review for weeks, although I have reviewed for the paper for over five years and am a personal friend of his. Finally he consented to print it, but only after "toning down" my already guarded statements. He did not read the book, refusing on the grounds that he did not read nut stuff. He only glanced at the evidence. His real reason: "I've watched for a review of it. No other paper will touch it." He was willing to admit that a conspiracy of silence might be operating, but he still was not willing to break it.

This is how "climates of opinion," as the late Cornell scholar, Carl Becker, called them, operate in today's society. "Nut stuff" has to be kept out of "respectable" newspapers. Establishments feed on this phenomenon. For example, this liberal editor knows that the newspaper guild is made up of average men who lack very extraordinary qualities; he has said so on numerous occasions. Yet he absolutely refuses to believe that any important event could have happened unless some legitimate newspaper reported it.

God Bless Our Happy Home

When I informed him of the fact that close associates of the Churchill family admit in private that the late Randolph Churchill was the victim of suicide he was literally angered. It couldn't be; a paper would have reported it; and besides, so what? (He is a rabid anglophile.) He doubted my source, a former student at the London School of Economics who was earning his M.A. at the time of Churchill's death. My source insists that the suicide was "well known on campus." Now, it may have been a wild rumor among distinguished professors (one of whom was his directing instructor), but the papers never followed it through. They preferred, apparently, to leave England's most distinguished non-royal family to its private grief. A fine sentiment, perhaps, but not one easily conformed to by "responsible, modern, all-the-facts, democratic" journalism. Truth becomes limited to what the **Times**--New York or London--wishes to print.

Guy Richards is a different kind of journalist. He really enjoys finding out what happened, even to the point of staking his reputation on his controversial findings. And to Doubleday's great credit, he was permitted to publish his findings. He has found some startling things.

Most impressive is the passport photo his team of Romanov buffs located in the private files of the late David P. Barrows, the former President of the University of California (early 1920s). Barrows was to become General Barrows in the California National Guard; he had been Colonel Barrows in the Allied Expeditionary Force into Siberia in 1918-19, chief of intelligence for Major General Graves. The passport photo, dated 1919, was for Colonel Nicholas Romanov, signed by General Semonov of the White Russian Cossack forces. Also in the files was an autographed photo to Barrows from this same Nicholas Romanov. Though Richards does not mention it, the photo is in an almost identical pose to one of a young, beardless Czar Nicholas. When comparing the two beardless photographs, the resemblance is convincing: same ear, same nose, same mouth, same eyes.

Who was this "Colonel Nicholas Romanov"? Richards' team found one answer buried in the files of the **San Francisco Examiner**. In two articles, 16 October 1919 and 26 July 1920, accounts are given of a visit from Romanov to Barrows. The first claims that the visitor said he was no relation to the Czar; the second reports that he claimed to be the "natural son of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch, uncle of the late Czar." But no record of such a person exists. This the **Examiner** reporters never bothered to trace down. There is a photo of the visitor in the July paper, and Richards includes it in the book. It is not very sharp, and the man looks young, but the photo matches the features of the man on the passport.

This evidence is Richards' "hard" evidence. The bulk of the book is devoted to other matters. First, a peculiar book published in 1920 in California, **Rescuing the Czar**. It is rare. It claims to be the diaries of two men who participated in the rescue. Chapter six of the Richards book is devoted to the hunt for the authors; it appears they have been found. This is probably the most exciting chapter in the book for anyone who regards himself as an historian, professional or amateur.

The editor of the book, "James P. Smyth," turned out to be William R. McGarry, whose biography is available in **The National Cyclopedia of American Biography**, vol. XXXIX, p. 609. He was, according to Richards, one of America's most successful secret agents of the World War I period.

The interesting figure, however, we know very little about. He seemed to be a mild-mannered newspaperman of the Clark Kent variety, Charles J. Fox, owner of the **North China Star**, published in Tientsin. His son at first could hardly

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believe that his father had been part of a team sent by Kaiser Wilhelm and (probably) George V of England to rescue their cousin Nicholas. But he and his mother had been away in Japan that summer, and, he recalled, his father had come into a windfall money gain at the end of the summer, 1918 -- enough to enable him to buy the newspaper.

The hunt for the record of the escape had begun in the mid-'fifties when two blueprinted documents came into the hands of one of Richards' correspondents (I'm guessing, but I think it may have been Colonel Philip Corso, mentioned in Richards' other book, **Imperial Agent**). As it was later discovered, the blueprints had been sent by McGarry to Boris Brasol, the former official of the Czarist government. The blueprints were letters addressed to "Fox" from "Wilhelm" and "Nicholas," thanking him for his work in rescuing "Nicholas." A former CIA official, an expert in analysis and research who now works with Richards, thinks the signatures may be genuine. The evidence seems to fit together.

What, then, became of the Czar and his family? At this point the Richards book gets fantastic (so far, we've been dealing with the comparatively "obvious"). In the voluminous files left by McGarry, the research team discovered a carbon of a letter sent to a friend telling of a Paris meeting with the Czar and his wife in 1923. Assuming this to be true, what then?

Enter Colonel Michael Goleniewski (Golenievski), former intelligence agent of the Polish Army, former quadruple agent, the man who broke the Philby conspiracy story and a host of other key spy cases through his information secretly passed to the CIA in the 'fifties--the man who defected in the last days of the Eisenhower Administration. Richards has already written a book about him, **Imperial Agent**, published in 1966 by Devin-Adair. The man claims that his family moved to Poland where a fairly large Russian colony existed and where they would not be conspicuous as visitors.

When he defected as the leader of an underground anti-Communist group, the Heckenshuetzes, he had already passed some two thousand microfilmed documents to the West, exposing there over two hundred KGB operatives. He thought he was defecting to the FBI; to his horror, he found he had been misled by a forged signature, "Hoover," and that he was actually in custody of the CIA, which he regarded as highly vulnerable in terms of its own internal security. He claims that he turned over a passport containing microdotted data that would prove his true identity, but (and this is known) the CIA refuses to return his passport to him; it has sent him photocopies instead.

Herman Kimsey, the fromer CIA official mentioned earlier, has been quoted in the **Washington Daily News** and in a UPI story as saying he had knowledge of fingerprints, soleprint, and dental comparisons between Goleniewski and the Czarevitch, and that the data match. "On the basis of what I know of the CIA investigation of Goleniewski's identity, I believe he is the Czarevich Alexei." (**Imperial Agent**, p. 260.)

Other testimony has been provided by Count Kyril de Shishmarev, member of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (Knights of Malta), and a childhood friend of the Czarevitch Alexei. On several meetings, Goleniewski has provided Kyril with data known only to the two of them. Kyril is convinced, in spite of the fact that Goleniewski has now turned on him as an enemy. (Richards makes it clear that Goleniewski is an arrogant, unlikable man.)

Chapter twelve reprints a translation of a taped meeting of Mrs. Eugenia Smith and Goleniewski (they spoke in Russian). It is important because Mrs. Smith claims to be Anastasia, and a book has been written about her (**Anastasia, Speller & Sons, 1963**). Unless the meeting was staged (and the CIA would have had to have been involved, since Goleniewski was under full surveillance by that organization), it indicates that Mrs. Smith, not knowing at first who this "Mr. Borg" was, became more and more confused, then startled, then tearful when she learned he was her brother. But Goleniewski has since turned on her, too.

However, the book also presents counter-evidence which brings questions to mind. Richards includes a photo of Goleniewski and a man who was supposedly his father, a photo ca. 1942. Goleniewski it is, and the father looks like him; unfortunately, the elderly man looks nothing like the passport photo of 1919: different ear (though it looks like Goleniewski's ear), different shape of face. The photo is blurred, but enough detail exists to render doubtful the claim that this elderly man was, in fact, the Czar. Since the photo was not supplied to Richards by Goleniewski, things are even more complicated.

Also, Goleniewski claims to have matured late, having the body of a child from ages fourteen to twenty-three; thus, he could pass as a child (he began to grow, he says, in 1927). He entered school in Poland, and rose in the Polish Army after 1945. Medical reports made in the early 'sixties indicate that he has a blood clotting problem in his background, although he does not suffer from outright hemophilia any longer.

In any case, what Richards wants is a full-scale investigation by a Presidential commission. Millions of dollars are stored in European and American banks, waiting for an heir to claim the Romanov fortune. (The immediate family that escaped--the late Dowager Czarina and her relatives--never put claim, thus indicating, Richards believes, that they truly believe the Imperial family survived.) Two Congressional investigations were planned in the early 'sixties; both were mysteriously called off. There is too much money legitimately at stake, too much information that this Polish defector may have on a strong anti-Communist underground, too much covering-up going on. How about an investigation?

Given the reception so far of the government, he is unlikely to get his wish. And the textbooks, I suspect, will not soon be revised in light of the revelations in **The Hunt for the Czar.**

Gary North

Swamproot vs. History

The Way We Go To War

by Merlo J. Pusey
Houghton Mifflin,
202 pp. $4.95

Carl Becker once observed that the historian is merely the "mythmaker for the tribe." The implications of such a statement are considerable. Not the least of which is that the prime reason that historians rewrite our national chronicle each generation is precisely to provide a new myth for a new tribe. America wants a dose of Divine Providence to justify Jacksonian democracy? Cleo generously provides George Bancroft. America's out-of-work intellectual dilettantes discover the sweat shop and judicial intransigence at the turn of the century? Voila! J. Allen Smith and Charles A. Beard "discover" that the Constitution was written and adopted by a bunch of dirty old economic men, and thus may be treated as less than sacrosanct. America's new left abhors their country's persistent nationalism and sense of superiority to that much maligned purveyor of peace: Russia? Trumpets sound forth and out spring William Appleman Williams, Gar Alperovitz and a bespectacled coterie to rewrite the origins of the Cold War.

Of course no single myth ever totally engages the American historical profession. There always is some competition just as Swamproot and Snakeroot went a couple of rounds before Geritol won out. The result is rarely a synthesis of thesis and antithesis. Usually one predominates until a change in the climate of opinion finds a different myth more soothing. Witness the almost complete overturn of Beard's **Economic Interpretation of the Constitution** by the writings of Brown and McDonald in the fifties. (Of course the fag-end of Beard's thought lives on in Jackson Turner Main.)

All of which boils down to the simple fact that professional historians and other amateur inspectors of George Washington's wooden teeth are very much political animals. In the latter category of palmist resides one Merlo J. Pusey who signed his name to **The Way We Go to War.** Pusey laments that we were oh-so-severe on those weak little Vietnamese when we shot up their navy after the Tonkin Gulf attacks on the **Turner Joy** and **Maddox.** To which the most appropriate response I could make has previously been penned by Teddy Roosevelt in **The Winning of the West:** "The most ultimately righteous of all wars is a war with savages, though it is apt to be the most terrible and most inhuman."

In his vivisection of executive aggrandizement of war-making power, Pusey hits upon some good points, but comes up with all the wrong conclusions. Lamenting Polk's order to General Zachary Taylor to occupy disputed territory which led to war between the U.S. and Mexico, Pusey judges this as an early example of war by executive fiat. Pusey should have noted America's long efforts to purchase the disputed territory, the

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instability of Mexican governments, the $2,026,139.68 arbitrated debt on which Mexico had stopped payment in 1843, not to mention the almost non-existent central control of such outlying provinces as California. The question of legal title to the area also was of little importance because of the poor land use of the area by the Mexicans. Roosevelt's comments on a similar dispute, U.S.-British claims to the Oregon Territory, are applicable to the Mexican situation: "The real truth is that such titles are of very little value and are rightly enough disregarded by any nation strong enough to do so . . ." Perhaps the distinguished diplomatic historian Samuel Flagg Bemis best judged Polk's actions when he wrote that "it would be well-nigh impossible today to find a citizen of the United States who would desire to undo President Polk's diplomacy, President Polk's war and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo . . ."

Of course this indicates the tendency of Pusey's myth: it rearranges the facts to fit his story. His real driving force, of course, is his dislike for America's Vietnam involvement. While his myth is a rather poorly constructed one, alas, its time has come. Counter-myths (and much better ones) may be provided by Traeger, Liska and other defenders of America's Vietnam involvement, but like the battle between Swamproot and Snakeroot, I am afraid Pusey and Company will have their day.

Like all good liberals, Pusey wants to rearrange our federal institutions to assure the country that we shall never experience another Vietnam. Strangely, Pusey doesn't mention the Ludlow Amendment of the 1930's, an anachronistic proposal by the isolationists of that era who had learned their "lesson" from World War One. The Ludlow Amendment? That piece of nonsense would have required a plebiscite on a declaration of war if the aggressor's attack took place on other than American territorial sovereignty. Pusey's proposed War Powers Act to limit the powers of the President makes about as much sense as the program of the Veterans of Future Wars, an organization of the 1920's founded by a group of Princetonian pacifists who felt that the next world war would be so horrendous that all fighting-aged men should receive their "bonus" before they went to battle, inasmuch as they would not be returning. The VFW organized an auxiliary of Future Gold Star Mothers to demand that the Federal government pay their travel expenses to Europe to select the grave sites for their sons' final resting places. It was all great fun, and I am sure they were still laughing as the **U.S.S. Arizona**, with its human cargo, slowly sank into the waters of Pearl Harbor.

John L. Kelley

Publish and Prosper

Points of Rebellion

by William O. Douglas

Random House, 5 rubles

97 awfully small pages with big print

It is simply impossible to take **Points of Rebellion** seriously. The book is more than stupid, more than cliche-ridden, more than simple-minded, more than an insult to almost any reader's intelligence. The book is positively infantile, and to a degree which I am afraid can be appreciated only by reading the book.

Still, perhaps a few short excerpts can illustrate my point. To wit:

Douglas, upon returning to the United States from a totalitarian country: "It's great to be back in a nation where even a riot may be tolerated." Douglas, on foreign affairs: Our leaders have acquired the "virtually paranoid" belief that "the world is filled with dangerous people." Douglas, quoting with approbation--nay admiration--a 16-year old boy who asks his father this unique question: "Why did you let me be born?" (Douglas considers this deeply philosophical)

The above are, believe it or not, some of the saner and more reasonable things in Douglas' not very substantial book. However, the single most fascinating aspect of **Points of Rebellion** is not its inanities, but rather a particular and peculiar stylistic idiosyncrasy Douglas exhibits.

Have you ever noticed how people who have a conspiratorial and often paranoid view of history and the world tend to put everything in capital letters (i.e., a John Bircher will write about an International Communist Conspiracy)? This device of constantly misusing capital letters (or rather of overusing capital letters) does indicate a certain type of thinking, a certain--dare I say--almost paranoid mentality. Well in this book Douglas capitalizes, just to name a few, Force, Blacks, Whites, and--so help me God (a word which Douglas probably wouldn't capitalize)--Highway Lobby. This nutty view of things has always characterized the far right; it is now to be found everywhere on the left (especially among the young, who are fighting "Them"), of which Douglas is a leading guru.

Here my review concludes. To devote any more time to the distinguished Mr. Douglas LL.D. would be disrespectful. If I disappoint my readers for not seriously attempting to refute the "points" Douglas supposedly makes in **Points of Rebellion** I apologize, but his points are simply not worthy of serious consideration or serious refutation. The book is, alas, neither serious nor humorous; it is merely pathetic. The man is, after all, a Supreme Court justice.

It is said that senility is much like childishness, and advanced senility much like infantilism. There are babes in arms who would be ashamed to be the author of **Points of Rebellion**. But then maybe babes in arms are not afflicted by mercenary publishers.

William Kristol

William Kristol, who spent the summer as a White House intern, is a sophomore at Harvard.

The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled **Escape! A New Demand Response System.** Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/ o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

This fall I am faced with an arduous and crucial campaign to retain my Senate seat in Massachusetts. Unfortunately my old back ailment is acting up again and the pain is unbearable. It makes smiling to large crowds difficult and when I take pills to relieve the pain it clouds my mind, and I can speak only second semester Spanish. What is your suggestion?

Cordially,
Senator Edward Kennedy

Take care of your heart. I once had a similar affliction and an old Hoosier doctor cured me within a week. I shall pass it on to you but only in strictest confidence and for a slight charge. Wrap your leg and lower back in two hundred yards of elastic bandage, and--under the bandage--pack twelve pounds of warm, fresh cow dung (remembering the industrial character of your state, try jackass dung). Feel free to continue your daily chores, campaign vigorously, mingle with the crowds and you will feel in the pink in no time. Also you will have done much to create a more honest political atmosphere in this incomparable democracy.

--GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am running for the Senate in Indiana, What should I say?

Your most humble etc.,
Vance (Rupert) Harke

I am glad that you ask. Of all the great Hoosier Solons I would rate you right at the top--right up there with Senator New and D. C. Stephenson. Avoid kidney infection. Dress in black pajamas, straw peasant hat and sandals. At every opportunity before the good folk of your great state say:

アメリカには
自由ってどんな
ものなのかな

And good luck.

--GWP

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Letters

To the Editor:

Let me congratulate you, Bob Tyrrell, Tony Campaigne, and the rest of the staff of **The Alternative** for a truly superb publication that meets a real need on the campus today. Even more heartening is the realization that your circulation has expanded from 5,000 to over 30,000. It restores one's faith in the level of literacy that prevails on our college and university campuses at a time when the actions of a noisy few have called into question the viability of higher education.

I will look forward eagerly to the opportunity to get acquainted with some of the fine minds that, despite so much of a corrosive nature attending the university experience today, have still managed to learn, to inquire, and to express themselves with lucidity.

Best Regards,
Philip M. Crane
Member of Congress

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

Continued From Page 2

with delinquent students and identified their activities not as instances of "academic unrest" but of "academic disruption and violence." Hook said the threat to universities comes from within and is traceable "to one fundamental poisoned premise"--that unless social and foreign policy problems are solved, campus disruption and violence will continue. Denis Hayes placed the whole issue in its cosmic perspective by saying: "We are in trouble as a species, and the unrest of this country's young people and of their peers around the planet is perhaps the healthiest development for which one might have dared to hope."

The serene Mr. Rhodes "inquired of Professor Hook if he "hated students." The **New York Times** called Mr. Rhodes "a complex, altruistic youth...endowed with an extra ordinary faculty to come up with inspiring new ideas and get other people to carry them out."

On 4 August Senator Allott of Colorado suggested on the Senate floor that "we disband the President's Commission on Campus Unrest and all read the **Wall Street Journal**."

As we go to press the three hundred page report has been out for twenty - four hours, but the speed readers at CBS, ABC, and the **New York Times** have all editorialized prolixly on it. We shall read it at a more reflective pace and in our next issue analyze it with our typical cool detachment.

□

EDITORIAL

Continued from Page 2

conformity through their empty crania.

Supposedly the education mills of the land were grinding American youth into bland conformity, pulverizing them to adjust to society, smothering their creativity and putting all our nascent Beethovens to flight. From the middle fifties to the middle sixties, conformity served as the professors' most reliable motif in a ceaseless cacophony of twaddle. Yet today as commentators blubber about "youth's idealism," "the priorities of youth," "the life-style of the young," and "youth culture," the dons seem peculiarly unconcerned about conformity. Though a student's appearance is as distinct and discernible as that of a month-old corpse at an Irish wake, none of the sages are repining over this conformity. And for the best of reasons--today America's new **conformists** are their **conformists**, and all those chafing apprehensions about a generation of robots have been soothed by the clatter of regiments of students goosestepping into the dawn of a brave new world--the very same world that the dons have spent the last half century concocting. Hence rather than anxiously heave their bosoms over youth's slavish conformity to society, the dons now sweat over society's failure to conform to youth.

At **The Alternative** we believe that there is nothing inherently wrong or unusual about conformity; certainly it should not have surprised the fifties' great minds that gregarious creatures like the Homo saps conform. What renders conformity wrong is what the saps conform to, and today large numbers of students--always mistakenly characterized by the gross generalization, "American Youth,"--are conforming to anti-intellectualism, solipsism, and treacherous totalitarianism. Their coercive life style has created a barbaric underworld but one step removed from the monkeys in the zoo. Many of them are walking epidemics. Still many idiotic Liberals see these beasts as the culmination of all their bedazzled hopes and abstractions, so they have darlingized them replacing as a national idol the image of the All-American Boy with the image of the idealistic young bomber. All this demanded some pretty high-toned salesmanship, for both images are moronic and the latter is dangerous. Nonetheless, no thoughtful observer is very surprised that the dons carried off their hoax so masterfully. They have been peddling moonshine for years. What is remarkable is how the truth hawkers managed to reverse themselves so ignominiously.

Our story begins around 1955 when some luminary by the name of Robert Lindner briefly burst from obscurity to publish a very profitable book: **Must You Conform?** in which he magisterially declared amid gusts of oohs and ahhs "No, because there is an alternate way of life available to us here and now. (ooh) It is the way natural to man, the way he must and will take to achieve the values he aspires to just because he is human.(ahh)" These were palmy times. The editors of **Commonweal** remarked: "Probably never before were so many young people urged by their elders to revolt." Later in the decade Mr. Lindner in the scholarly pages of **McCall's** playfully urged that mothers "Raise Your Children to Rebel." **Time** even published "Rules of Nonconformity"--sort of a beatitudinal blueprint for the Lee Harvey Oswalds of the "quiet generation." At any rate, to paraphrase Lord Keynes, contemporary men who believe themselves free from the ideas of the past are usually slaves of some defunct ideogogue.

We have moved from an age in which supposedly everyone was a conformist to our present age in which supposedly everyone is a dissenter or nonconformist, and public spokesmen had better not disagree with the Zeitgeist of dissent, for to do so--we are admonished--is to polarize society--i.e. to introduce diverse opinion into society--which of course leaves the precious nonconformist no choice than to turn his governmentally endowed wonderland into a war zone. So it is that healthy nonconformity has literally blasted its way into the American conscience, and **The Alternative's** Jolly Boys gleefully await Mr. Lindner's next manifesto.

Our present age is a glorious one teeming with nonconformity. And just as there are archangels, seraphim and cherubim, there are many different ranks of nonconformists. Allow me to reveal to your just three. First we shall discuss the common nonconformist. Mouthing the elliptical language of what in more primitive times were adjudged mental defectives, he yammers, "ya know," "like I mean," "dig it," and expletives too racy for reproduction in this family magazine. Adopting a cunningly tailored peasant dress, he earnestly slouches about various loafing spots never before dreamed of like street corners, front porches, and parks, where he seriously discusses such senseless curiosities as Western civilization. So assiduous is the common nonconformist in his conviction that the world would be vastly more intelligent were Congress to enact compulsory sensitivity training or the President to raise the rock festival to cabinet level that he will even abandon his loafing grounds to take part in a spirited rampage on behalf of peace or some other worthy cause.

The next rank of nonconformist is the advanced nonconformist whose raiment does not differ significantly from that of his more common brethren. (However certain of these advanced nonconformists have been known to camouflage themselves in the style of "the Middle Americano" when applying for Ford Foundation grants, employment at Health, Education and Welfare, or purchasing explosives.) But whereas the common nonconformist generally just slouches around parks and public restrooms, the more energetic, advanced nonconformist busies himself with the bombing of buildings, beating professors, and threatening politics. Some are even given to ambushing police and butchering judges. All are motivated by the loftiest ideals. History has produced some other idealistic nonconformists in the image of our advanced nonconformist, but never did they embellish their nonconformity with the coruscating moral razzle dazzle, intoned by, say, David Dellinger. Herr Himmler and Herr Eichmann made admirable efforts, but without the forensic savoir faire of a Kunstler, their chances were slim and none.

The most distinctive rank of nonconformist is also the most entertaining, and we shall categorize him as the ultra-advanced nonconformist. These creatures embalm their marvelous minds with wonderful new drugs and drift about en-

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cased in invisible placentas of joy. In almost any American urban center they can be seen shuffling stupefactively through the streets, paw outstretched, pleading for a cup of coffee. These are gay, jaunty imps. When properly laced with their delicious acids and herbage, they have been known to reenact the early experiments of the Wright Brothers from eighth floor windows or to dive prankishly into flaming trash cans. The ultra-advanced nonconformist has discovered an immensely freer, more satisfying life than his predecessors ever dared envision; all retire to asylums early in life.

These wondrously diverse nonconformists are, as you would expect, a powerful inspiration to their mentors. Consider the euphoria they evoked from the late Fred Harvey Harrington, president of the University of Wisconsin. Even as the smoke curled from his charnel halls of ivy, he recently extolled them as the flower of the Twentieth Century. Those mentors who cannot agree on their younglings' intelligence, prudence, and civilizational achievement (such qualities always defying the calibrations of hagiographers) can at least sing as one to the students' **commitment.** Now at **The Alternative** we are not so sanguine about commitment. For instance the **Red Guards** are committed and Mr. Richard Speck has been committed. Nonetheless an enormous number of the **illuminati** in the media and at the great universities are more cheerful, and with good reason. For many are stupid, and some are willful, dreaming great dreams. One of the more appreciable benefits of commitment is that it triggers calculable action, and the dreamers--if they are to realize their dreams--must be able to rely on a supply of cannon fodder. It is no secret that on many campuses gullible members of the Chosen Generation serve as Hessians for activist faculty. Mustered by their preceptors to intimidate university administrators and topple the sordid Nixon regime; lest it bring even more havoc to this land which we love, the Hessians are urged to kick their way out of civilized society, yielding any hope of self-sufficiency or civilized achievement. In the long run we suspect historians will record that, under the tutelage of the dons, students have been more often victimized than pampered. But we do not mean to be disputatious.

Members of the intellectual vanguard realize that Mr. Nixon has--in not quite twenty-four months--made America the terror of this globe. He has sent his brigandes into Southeast Asia to make off with the lavish treasure of that famous Eldorado and turned America's young and underprivileged into veritable Helots. America's economic marvel, Dr. Laurence O'Brien, has recently revealed that the Nixon junta purposefully and instantly dragged the economy **pari passu** into inflation and recession--all the while deluding the citizenry into believing Congress was dominated by Democrats. This is a sly and crafty tyrant and it is the duty of the enlightened to do him in.

Back in the Dark Ages the geniuses were utterly unable to bestir the conformists of the "Quiet Generation" whose members were as numb to their horror stories as Billy Graham is to voodoo. But in the past fifteen years their prestige has soared, for they have mastered dramatic techniques for attracting the increasingly influential media and have grown enormously proficient in delivering scholarly anagoges on almost any national occurrence.

After President Nixon unleashed his terrible blitzkrieg into Cambodia and ordered the Kent State Massacre, no one could say for sure what the future would bring. Beset by unspeakable cruelty, the universities ignited into a heroic reenactment of the Paris Commune, vaulting the nonconformists to spectacular and immediate stardom. And today rumors are spreading that Mr. Nixon intends suspension of the Bill of Rights and cancellation of the 1972 elections. Grimly the pundits prophesy that our nonconforming darlings will soon have to bury their books on Russian literature and cancel their lessons in modern dance. Every American--if he is to avoid banishment to hard labor in Nebraska--will be suspect and nonconformists will not even be allowed the pleasant relaxation of occasionally burning an American flag. No more idealistic young demonstrators, no more attacks on the police, no more harmless bombings or debuts before the cameras of CBS. The hour of repression is at hand. American youth is about to lose its dearest freedom--the freedom to act like jackasses while the public picks up the tab. Never again will the massed nonconformists of Yale be able to follow their leader Dr. Brewman Kingster in caterwauling for the support of racists and common gangsters. Youthful idealism will dissolve into the crucible of democratic process. The dissenters have been profoundly shaken. Sadness frames all their days.

How they had revelled in the gay antics of their months of glory. Remember Harvard where their spring festival had actually cost the local burghers over one million dollars. Remember Northwestern--Northwestern by the Sea--where they scored as well. In Ohio and later in Kansas a number of the more intelligent nonconformists had even managed to get themselves killed. Now it will no longer even be safe to riot at the Democratic Convention or to burn a library. Worse still, the professors might have to find legitimate work, and the television commentators might cease their glamorous tales of crisis and vatic affirmations of catastrophe. How horrid! What is to be done lest the seventies prove a bummer?

Well if we are to assure that the seventies prove as adventurous as the late sixties **The Alternative's** Standing Committee on Continuing Chaos urges that university administrators continue to demand opulent budgets enabling them to drag the university into every arena of American life and to expose it to every source of discontent. Of course one should hardly have to mention to the educational-political complex that every conceivable type of young person must be carted off to the university where, for four years, he can diddle at the knee of some fraudulent **philosophe.** The AFL-CIO would greatly expedite chaos in the seventies if it were to demand that all hard hats receive at least two years exposure to one of the social sciences. Further we suggest the utter politicalization of the campus. Nothing is more likely to improve education than the benign attentions of Democrats and Republicans. Immediate adoption of the "Princeton Plan" will do more to bring the university into politics and politics into the university than any comparable quack plan yet averred. It will assure rapid transformation into those magnificent academic cathedrals which are the glory of Latin America.

And there is one more sure-fire remedy to a dull decade. Students and faculty alike must make every little social unpleasantness into a catastrophe. Every distasteful abrasion of our elevated standards must be loudly and threateningly billed "a crisis," and if possible it must be souped up as a "moral crisis." Creating a crisis is perhaps the most fruitful contribution one can make to chaos. Not only does it--if publicized with drama and tastelessness--never fail to unsettle the citizenry, but it gives the authors of crisis a splendid opportunity to invite crackpot speakers to the campus--assuring the growth of spectacular ignorance amongst exploitable students, revulsion amongst citizens, miserliness amongst legislators and joy amongst **Alternative** readers.

In 1958 the poet Kenneth Rexroth sensed a breeze through the doldrums. Viewing the embryonic youth culture he observed "An orthodoxy is forming, and like all orthodoxies it is a system of lies and evasions, a ritual of the lazy and the greedy. How do you escape it?" "Through art," he replied. Unfortunately most of us do not possess the necessary talent, a truth most of our rock singers, kinetic poets and junk artists have proven most convincingly. Some of us have to be students, and the orthodoxy envisioned by Rexroth is threatening to roll us over in the seventies. The university's shield of Liberalism is withering before the continuing salvoes of the new orthodoxy ushering in an age of intolerance as bleak as any in our history.

Finding the present extent of political evangelizing amongst faculty and students dreary enough, **The Alternative** opposes further attempts to turn the university into a kind of chiliastic Tammany Hall. Those persons advocating politicalization are blatantly exploiting ignorant students and contemptuous of the rights of the civilized few. They are the enemies of academic freedom and a nuisance to dispassionate scholarship. Pundits who fawn over the new conformists characterizing them as the All-American Boys of the seventies are hastening the destruction of the American University more surely than the bombers, the buffoons or the bedwetters. Already infested by hordes of the new conformists and their sputtering mentors, the American University is fast taking on the appearance of Bug House Square. Let us not see it opened to the "politicians of vision." □

Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania--The government said Thursday 170 persons have died in Tanzania during the past year after taking medicine given them by witch doctors.

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." --Euripedes

WASHINGTON POST

Psychiatric report from the eminent journal of psychiatry and palmistry the **Washington Post:**

> There is something so erratic and **irrational**, not to say **incomprehensible**, about all this that you have to assume there is more to it than he (Agnew) is telling.

PETE HAMILL, NEW YORK POST

A clearly reasoned argument uttered by the Aristotle of our age:

> When you call campus dissenters "bums," as Nixon did the other day, you should not be surprised when they are shot through the head and chest by National Guardsmen. Nixon is as responsible for the Kent State slaughter as he and the rest of his bloodless gang of corporation men were for the anti-integration violence in Lamar, and for the pillage and murder that is taking place in the name of democracy in Cambodia...At Kent State, two boys and two girls were shot to death by men unleashed by a President's

NEW YORK TIMES

A flabbergasted report to Yahooland from the celestial **New York Times:**

> He (Lucifer Agnew) lambasted the nation's youth in sweeping and ignorant generalizations, when it is clear to all perceptive observers that American youth today is far more imbued with idealism, a sense of service and a deep humanitarianism than any generation including Mr. Agnew's. (What about Hitler's?)

NEW YORK TIMES

Vice-Presidents are to be seen and not heard, as explicated by the Brahmin demagogues of the **New York Times:**

> When with abrasive phrases, the Vice President focuses his bitter attack on those who oppose the Administration's present policy in Vietnam he is only exacerbating the divisions in this country, and making a mockery of the President's evidently forgotten pleas for reasoned discourse among the great majority of moderate, patriotic, but most necessarily, silent Americans.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

Here we see an example of the restrained rhetoric which all cultivated Liberals urge upon the beastly Mr. Agnew:

> Honorable men ride that rocky ledge....Spiro Agnew has none of those redeeming qualities. He has the grace of a drill sergeant and the understanding of a 19th century prison camp warden.

WASHINGTON POST

Combative spirit displayed by Mr. Agnew's competiton at the **Washington Post:**

> A gratuitous clop...a page from Vice President Agnew's copybook...campus unrest is simply being fanned and exploited by the Administration...Hate the dissidents, excoriate the 'bums,' see if you can match Mr. Agnew in hurling names at them.

NEW REPUBLIC

As he totters off into harmless dotage Gerald W. Johnson confuses history with anthropology to blubber this splendid absurdity:

> He (Vice President Agnew) is a relic of early nineteenth century federalism, not of the John Adams type, but of the Timothy Pickering-Hartford Convention type.

NEW YORK POST

After a bone crushing full nelson and an Arkansas death grip, the Vice President pinned the New York **Post's** distinguished woman wrestler, Harriet Van Horne; and, as she later recorded:

> The President's...TV presentation of this decision was, moreover maudlin, crafty and stained by fulsome sentiments.

DR. LAURENCE O'BRIEN

Dr. Laurence O'Brien reports on the scholarly pursuits of the Democratic National Committee:

> We have come up with a word to match the best being offered by Vice President Agnew. Mr. Agnew, we have concluded, is a sesquipedalian--and lest you think that I am stooping to Mr. Agnew's level of attack, it means he is a fellow who is addicted to the use of big words."

R. SARGENT SHRIVER

R. Sargent Shriver, father of American virtue, finds the Vice President's behavior strangely familiar:

> Agnew is behaving like a drunk in a barroom brawl. He's swinging wildly, throwing the roundhouse punch. The Vice President is beginning to appear to more and more people as a man given to wild statements.

SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN

Yet another attempt to "Lower our voices from the distinguished Senator from the American steppes:

> ...he (Mr. Agnew) has done more to divide and weaken the country, perhaps, than our enemies in Hanoi have done. He is undercutting the whole possibility for a unified American people. He is a divisive damaging influence on the people of this country.

HUGH SIDNEY

A distinguished oracle laments on what America is coming to when the Vice President attracts more headlines than the Viet Cong:

> For weeks now Agnew, more than Abbie Hoffman or William Kunstler, has dominated the headlines with a torrent of abuse that served mainly to call attention to all that is bad in our society....

NEW REPUBLIC

A charming specimen from the geniuses who worry most about "polarization":

> But we will say that we think Spiro is revving up fine (sic) and will be off the runway any day now like an old Ford tri-motor, if he doesn't shake off a wing first (sic). His Cleveland denunciation of Averell Harriman, Mayor Lindsay and six others as addicts of "American defeat" marks a crescendo of vibration. We wonder, though, if he can rise to the heights of Dean Acheson's "college of cowardly Communist containment"? Well, maybe his boss will give him lessons.

I.F. STONE'S BI-WEEKLY

Splendid prose from renowned Biblical scholar, Dr. I.F. Stone:

> The race is on between protest and disaster....The only hope is that the students can create such a Plague for Peace, swarming like locusts into the halls of Congress, that they stop all other business and make an end to the war the No. 1 concern it ought to be: Suspend Classes and Educate the Country.

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